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Inside the Cave of Obscenity

vol.2

by Umetane

[Novel Updates](#)

Translator: [Ziru's Musings](#)

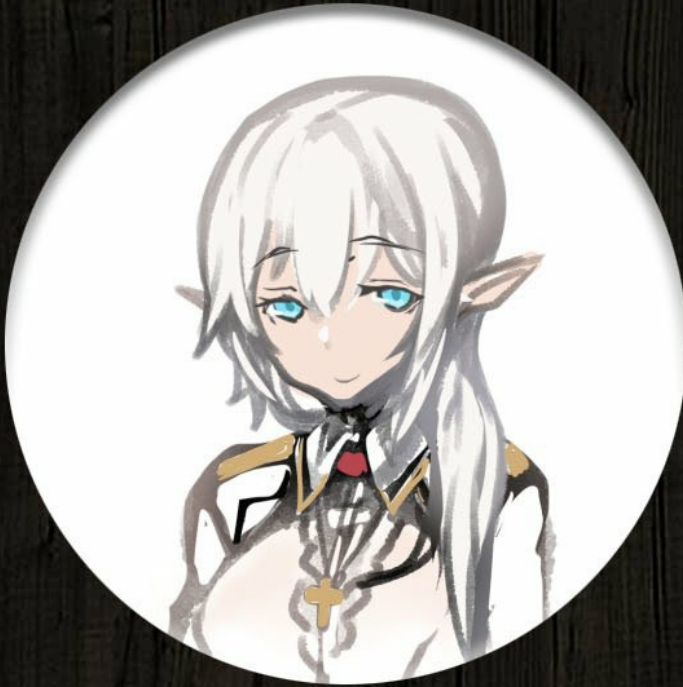
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Illustrations

SATIA
EX-SLAVE ADVENTURER



FIANA
ELF KNIGHT EMPLOYED
AT THE ROYAL PALACE



ALFIA
FEMALE KNIGHT THAT
HONORS DISCIPLINE



SHE PLACED
THE COMMISSION
DOCUMENT ONTO
THE DESK
HER MASTER
SAT AT.

"... THE REWARD
IS GOOD
FOR ONLY
NEEDING THAT."

"YEAH. THANKS."



"HYAHN!?"

"AH—HYAAH!?"

THEY WEREN'T
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MAGE'S ADORABLY
CUTE NUBS ANY
LONGER,
BUT RATHER HER
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PLEASURE
VIOLENTLY SURGED
THROUGH SATIA'S
BODY JUST BY
THE TENTACLES
GENTLY MASSAGING
THEM.



Chapter 1: Fresh Prey

(Part 1)

In that place, the constant sound of water dripping from the ceiling was no longer accompanied solely by howls of resentment from those who had died in the cave.

There was an area that was gloomy, impure, and had wound up distorting.

In that area, a slow, sensual sound—a woman's voice—was echoing off the walls. A part of the ceiling collapsed in the interior of the cave where no light shined, allowing a small shaft of light to beam down.

Inside this abandoned mithril mine, a monster had been born. Far inside, there laid a women.

It wasn't that she was asleep. Her arms and legs feeble as though forgotten, she quivered in response to the stimulation at her hips. It didn't appear as though this was intentional.

The only thing on her upper body was a black undershirt. Her lower half was completely exposed save for the boots on her feet. Those almond-shaped eyes that had once shown the woman's willful nature were now clouded, not reflecting anything. Here brows drooped in defeat, in surrender, all that could be seen was hopelessness.

Violated by the slime—what she judged to be a black ooze, a monster—her mouth that had once spouted her rejection and unwillingness was now degraded into being nothing but an orifice for panting and conveying her pleasure.

By these past several days, her body that had been ravished to the point of fainting was exhausted, even her throat in pain from screaming.

Her prided breasts, at one time hidden behind her robe, were violently shaking out of her black undershirt. Her nipples that had grown to the size of tootsie rolls a while before were making their existences known.

Her torn robe and thick trousers were cast aside nearby, telling just how intense her assault was.

There was something that covered her lower half. It was a black slime, almost like a distortion.

Violating the female mage... Frederica, it was an existence that drove one's mind into a corner.

"A-ah... ah! li... eh... iii!"

Her limbs were numbed by its paralytic poison so that she wouldn't run away. However, that was very likely already unnecessary.

Three days had passed since Frederica was brought into the cave, but the woman hadn't showed any behavior as though she wanted to escape. Was it that she didn't think it was possible to escape? Was her will simply broken? Or

maybe she was waiting for a chance?

Although the black ooze didn't understand it, that didn't change what the black ooze would do.

It would rape this woman.

Up until now, monsters hadn't thought for themselves. It could be said that monsters were imprinted with certain instincts, warped intents.

Charging into her vagina, banging against the entrance to her womb, it sometimes dominated the deepest reaches of the woman's womb. Letting out a coquettish voice when the monster nudged against the top of her womb, her waist trembled as though to tickle her womb's entrance. Her vaginal fluids overflowing, a healthy serving of muddied white juice leaked out after several minutes of being violated.

In these three days, Frederica's spirit was driven to its final line of defense and her body had been changed into an obedient female sow.

Her mouth that used to beg for release now unknowingly taught the slime her weak points. She preferred her vaginal lips to be pulled on, to be gentle with her clitoris at first, before being forceful midway, to include her armpits as along with the other areas, to be anally penetrated both rapidly and shallowly.

If she kept being violated in this cave as is, in the end, she would even forget how to speak, being reduced to nothing but a beast that craves sex.

"There—there, haaarder..."

Using just a tiny amount of strength that she had recovered from fainting, she shook her hips towards the monster that should have been detestable to her on her own volition. An adventurer that should kill monsters... begged a monster that should have killed her.

She wouldn't be spared, nor would she be released... so she begged to be violated.

If someone who knew Frederica saw this, they might not believe their eyes. She was a beautiful woman, ever full of confidence in her ability.

That Frederica did not exist here.

This was a woman that parted her legs towards the monster, pleaded to be raped, and exposed her body that would turn men's eyes with lust unashamedly.

This was the Frederica that existed within the abandoned mind.

"Harder, harder... hardeer—"

Her words didn't feel strong at all. She simply kept voicing her bodily desires, mumbling in delirium. Even so, while her voice was feeble, it felt to those hearing it as though it was a voice that came from her heart.

And so, obeying her voice, the slime earnestly and resiliently rammed its tentacle inside the woman. Drilling inside her soft meat and beating against the

entrance to her womb, it massaged her violently swaying breasts while vigorously rubbing her nipples as though to light them on fire.

Despite being assaulted by the pain, the only thing carved into the woman's face was delight.

Tears ran down her cheeks and her nose dripped with mucus. The form of a helpless sow. Even prostitutes wouldn't show off a face like hers.

"C-cu—cumiiiiing...!"

The woman's body gave in to particularly violent convulsions. Both her words and her body told of her climax.

Filled, the woman's once-dignified face was now perverted and unsightly, her eyes rolling into the back of her head as she fainted.

At the same time, there was also a change in the slime.

Although it did not know why, when it brought the woman to a climax, the female mage's mana flowed into the slime.

One of those three men it absorbed, likely one of two young adventurers, had an aptitude for magic.

What was mana? It was a sensation that could be called like a warm vitality. Although the slime wasn't able to comprehend it that well, mana seemed to be a kind of vitality birthed from the body.

That answer was wrong. In reality, existences that were able to amass mana that overflowed from the existence of the natural world were mages; however, since the slime still had not digested a mage, it hadn't obtained that knowledge.

Even so, it did manage to come about procuring a vessel that could amass mana by absorbing someone that had an aptitude for magic. By nature, it was a slime that didn't do the thing known as thinking. Even if it obtained something that didn't exist in its knowledge, it didn't intend to examine it further.

Functioning on pure instinct, the male black ooze that knew about violating women from absorbing that man would violate women. Violate them, conceiving a child.

And so it would continue.

This slime, everything the black ooze was, could be called a mutation.

The slime divided its body to shackle Frederica's limbs to the ground after she'd climaxed and fainted again and again.

In the center of the light that beamed down from the abandoned mine's collapsed ceiling was a beautiful woman whose limbs were restrained by black fetters. Wearing nothing but the black undershirt that just barely concealed her plentiful breasts and her leather boots, her figure was more than enough to stimulate a man's sexual desire.

And then... it crammed a tentacle about the thickness of a rope into her

uncouthly slack mouth.

“O—, gu—-!”

Ignoring the muffled screams coming from her, it managed to reach her stomach through her throat. Like that, it poured digested wild grass that held no toxins for beasts and humans directly into her stomach.

The black ooze understood that humans easily died if they didn't take in nourishment. Although it was probably best for Frederica herself to eat a meal, as there was the danger that she would run away, it did it like this.

Besides, it didn't think that the woman who had drowned in pleasure would do something like prepare a meal for herself. She was wriggling as though trying to draw a circle with her hips; did she feel pleasure from this meal as well?

After pouring nourishment into her for a short while, it retracted its tentacle from her throat.

“... Hau—n...”

Her hips trembled a few times. Food was poured into her forcibly. Her body reacted to this deed as well, reaching a soft orgasm.

Even though she'd lost her senses, what would the Frederica of old thought about her body reacting as such?

Overflowing with pride and will, that was the sublime and powerful mage

named Frederica.

Now, however, she held a body more sensitive than a prostitute. Even comparing it to a wild beast's wouldn't be enough, she had come to covet sex.

A beauty. Now with a lewd body.

Now that her body had become like this, she would very likely be unable to return to a proper life after tasting heaven.

But even so, that topic had nothing to do with the slime.

Although she wasn't aware of anything, she moved her hips back and forth with an expression dyed in ecstasy, as though begging for stimulation... or perhaps, begging for a male.

As for the slime, as the woman's body continued to plead for it, it penetrated her vagina with its tentacle.

As always... even though she had fainted, Frederica continued to cum endlessly. Even if she awoke, she would swoon once again by giving into the pleasure.

This could possibly be called a hell.

(Part 2)

There was alteration to the slime's geographical knowledge after ravaging Frederica. It now knew of the existence of a road that lead beyond the village at the foot of the mountain.

Well, although it did know about it, it still hadn't mobilized due to running the risk of being discovered by humans. Even so, it understood the capability of adventurers—things that were its natural enemy—to some degree, so it wound up attacking beasts that were making the areas along the road their territory.

Wagons coming and going through the rural road were things that typically wouldn't stray too far off of the path. This was because of their wariness against wild animals and bandits.

Therefore, it was able to unhurriedly catch and digest animals some distance from the road. Of course it would spend its days on the mountain and in the cave while the sun was high, but it would go out and hunt beasts as night fell. Due to the slime relying on its instincts at first, it had consumed all of the mountain's animals and there was no food left for it on the mountain.

It was alright with assaulting the domesticated animals in the village at the base of the mountain, but even that had its limits. Although the slime wouldn't die if it didn't eat, it had an appetite and hungered.

Additionally, it needed to prepare food for Frederica. It violated her during the day and attacked beasts along the road at night.

This was the slime's life.

Several days passed like this. Around ten days after Frederica's group went missing, there was a certain commission posted on the adventurer's guild's bulletin board in the royal capital.

As the royal capital's guild was overflowing with various work, the addition of another commission document wasn't something unusual.

However, the person that started this commission—what they had brought in was a problem.

Two days after Frederica had gone missing, several of the the village at the foot of the mountain's elders searched the mountain with the abandoned mine on it. They were terrified, but because adventurers had gone missing, it had already become a problem for knight or mage corps.

They looked around to at least get some evidence. With that thought in mind, the several elders found a splendid staff, as well as the adventurer group's luggage.

Although the black ooze was able to dissolve things like meat and plants, clothing and leather armor took time to melt away so it discarded them out of its body.

Finding those things, the elders brought it to the royal capital. For an incident like the disappearance of adventurers, even if the village didn't prepare a reward, the country would prepare a reward in accordance with the details.

As such, because the person to go missing was Frederica, someone famous in

the guild and had a fair bit of ability, it just so happened that many people were interested in the commission's details. A mage had gone missing, leaving behind her own staff. Staves could be considered as a mage's identification.

What had happened? No mage would leave their staff behind and disappear.

Something must have happened to Frederica's and the others' bodies. That was the adventurer's guild's view on it.

"Should we do it?"

"Eh..."

However, even with that said, no one was going to jump on board with it. With that much of a reward, there was that much of a risk to their lives.

Their lives came first, nothing else would matter if they died.

Frederica was famous amongst the guild's youths and was even recognized as a skilled mage. With that in consideration as well, everyone avoided the commission.

In truth it was because she had let down her guard and made a mistake due to the dark of the night, choosing the wrong kind of magic to use.

Even so, the people in the guild wouldn't know about something like that.

Like that, the commission document for surveying the abandoned mithril mine was left posted for several days.

Everyone turned their eyes from it, taking the commission documents posted around it. It slowly became the only one in its area on the bulletin board, alone.

A small hand reached out towards that document, grasping it.

Following that, a quiet voice that seemed to drown out the guild's clamor could be heard.

"... This commission."

A small woman could be seen; she was carrying a disproportionately large staff and stretching on her tiptoes for that commission document.

Her long, beautiful and seemingly transparent platinum hair was gathered to the left side of her head, hanging down low in a ponytail. She read the commission document with somewhat drowsy eyes.

Her brown eyes moved left to right and back as she looked over the document, reading line-by-line.

"Satia, you're taking that commission?"

One of the men in the guild called out to the mage who had stopped in front of the bulletin board and read the document.

Satia. With no family name, she was a former female slave. Satia had some potential for magic, so she was bought as a slave and used as an adventurer while obeying her adventurer master.

Her experiences as an adventurer were lengthy, she was a woman who became an adult the moment she first passed through the guild's entrance. Although she had a somewhat doll-like figure and was fairly short, she gave others the impression of being more beautiful than adorable.

Satia was around half a head shorter than others, even those the same age as her or younger. And that's why the large staff she carried was disproportional to her, it was practically just as tall as her. It caused others to experience something like being attracted to a pretty girl.

She was also clad in a thick nun-like black robe. Adventurers would generally give off more of a boorish impression, but this girl was small and lovely—that was the sort of impression she gave.

She looked up towards the man that called out to her with her drowsy eyes.

“... Yes.”

“But y’know, that one’s about Frederica goin’ missin’ yeah? You guys ready for a load like that?”

“... Is it? I will discuss it with Goshujin-sama.”

All the man that was Satia's master had told her was that he wanted her to look for a commission.

The reward was good and the commission itself was the only one that stood out, but she listened to the man's advice. She had been treated as a slave in the past, so she was bad at interacting with men.

So even though she understood that he came with good intentions, she kept a distance away from him. Answering with a vaguely unsociable response, she moved away without even giving a single word of gratitude.

Everyone in the guild adored her like a doll, but she herself didn't feel she was worth their time.

She put some time in looking over the other commission documents, but there were just things like garbage cleaning in the royal capital's back alleys or medicinal herb collections remaining.

They were all more like the work a child would do for pocket change than what an adventurer would do. Even their rewards were lacking.

"... This one."

"Ah, feel free to ask if you need any help."

"... Yes."

In the end, her response was curt.

Even though she understood in her heart that it would have been better for

her to say her thanks.

Well, the man simply smiled complacently at Satia's cute voice and appearance, followed by returning to his companions without taking it to heart.

In the corner of the bustling adventurer's guild was a young man around twenty years of age.

It was Satia's master, Alfred Will. With blond hair and blue eyes, he was an agreeable youth with a good-natured smile.

Satia placed the commission document she'd taken onto the desk where her master sat.



“... For just that, the reward is good.”

“Really? Thanks.”

Saying that, Alfred looked over the commission document Satia presented him with.

Satia stared at his profile silently.

This was the sole area in the guild that felt quiet.

“... Frederica-san seems to be missing.”

“Yea, looks like it...”

Although Satia wasn't acquainted with Frederica herself, Alfred had done several commissions together with her.

The image Alfred had in his mind of Frederica was that of a bright and sociable mage, brimming with beauty and will.

Although they weren't at the point of being friends, it wasn't as though they didn't know each other at all. She had gone missing and this commission document found its way to him.

Even though it was dangerous, he wasn't interested in leaving it alone and

deserting her.

“The reward’s good too, so how about we take it?”

“... Yes.”

If a slave’s master decided on something, they had no way of rejecting it. Although she didn’t know what kind of person the woman named Frederica was, she would protect her master for the commission.

Her unshakable determination had become her core. When Alfred stood up, he moved over to Satia.

“It is dangerous for just us two, I want to hire a few people.”

“... Is that so?”

From Satia’s point of view, Alfred’s skill in the sword and magic were at considerable levels. There were likely few in his age group that could surpass him in Fonteau.

Even so, this young man didn’t relax his guard nor did he drown in self conceit. He would accomplish commissions by minimizing dangers to the utmost of it ability.

For Satia, her master called Alfred was an existence that could even be called a [Hero] that saved her from hell.

He bought her as a slave, but hadn't used her as a woman*. Satia didn't know if Alfred had some other woman in his heart, but it would soon be two years since she was picked up by him.

She had never entertained him. He had never even asked. Of his orders for her, none were unreasonable.

It was like Alfred treated her carefully, like a younger sister or a daughter. From what Satia knew of what people who bought slaves were like, it could be said that Alfred was simply too kind.

Although the mage didn't say much and was emotionally lacking, she still harbored the emotions of a girl her age.

She would feel affection towards those that treated her nicely. He was excellent in both appearance and talent, but most important was that his nature was good as well.

However, their positions were that of master and slave. Her chest had tightened before she realized it.

Satia's platinum hair shook as she chased after the young man heading to inform the guild head that he would be accepting the commission.

Her eyes looked drowsy—as they always did—but they were fixed firmly onto her master's back.

(Part 3)

After a few days of being shook around in the wagon, Alfred's group arrived at the rural village from the commission's document.

It had around a dozen houses with spacious pastures. Even though the amount of domestic animals grazing the pastures had decreased somewhat due to the black ooze, there were still many cattle slowly walking through the fields.

"Welcome, thank you for coming."

"Are you the chief of this village?"

"Yes."

As the one to represent their group, Alfred talked with the elderly person.

Alfred and Satia employed three other adventurers. Other than Satia, they were all men. They were trustworthy men than they had done many commissions together with in the past, but since Satia wasn't very good with men, she hadn't left Alfred's side at all during the trip.

Although it was probably more correct to consider her a slave, Alfred and Satia's relationship was—well, it was easy for the other adventurers to see that Satia was inexperienced with hiding her feelings towards him. She'd smile every time she looked towards him on their trip, calming down.

These three were also acquainted with Frederica. It could be said that that

was the reason they accepted this commission.

If Frederica was safe, they might be able to improve their relationships with the beautiful mage by saving her. It could also be said that their actions were out of wicked self-interest.

Alfred asked the chief two or three questions, also answering some of the chief's.

Satia idly watched Alfred doing so while the three adventurers unloaded their luggage from the wagon in a manner that bespoke of their experience.

She probably should have helped them as well, but the other adventurers were taking care of it. They might have wanted to show off their good points.

Well, either way, she didn't notice them. Satia was too preoccupied with watching Alfred... With those same drowsy eyes as always.

"We'll be staying the night in the village and ascend the mountain first thing in the morning."

Having rented a house that no longer had an owner, Alfred said that as he finished carrying his luggage there.

It was a solidly constructed house with two floors, the one whose owner had become food to the slime in the beginning. It was also the same house Frederica and her party stayed the night in.

They looked around inside the house to find if anything was left that they could gain information with, but in the end they weren't able to find anything like that.

"Sounds good. I'm tired from moving about recently too, let's take today slow."

"Yeah, we were finally able to rent a house."

"There's no bath though."

The three adventurers left the living room while saying whatever came to mind.

By the way, a hero had made baths from another world rather widespread in this world. Although people washed their bodies with river and well water until that point, nowadays people immersed themselves in hot water in a bathtub after thoroughly washing themselves out of the bath.

It was decided that the men would use the large guest room, while Satia, who was the only woman, would use the former owner's room.

They would climb up the nearby mountain and search through the abandoned mithril mine there the following day. That place was the most suspicious one. Frederica and the others had gone missing when they went to examine that area.

There were five people this time. Even if an unexpected situation occurred, they should be able to cope with it. They didn't know if the mine had something

like a beast that used it as its nest or some kind of bandit group, though.

Whatever it was, since it was enough to cause three adventurers to go missing, they couldn't afford to be careless here.

"Satia, you should also rest today."

When Satia returned to the living room after finishing tidying up after their evening meal, Alfred was the only one there. As for the other three adventurers, they had gone out on a patrol of sorts to see if they could see what was attacking the livestock.

It apparently hadn't appeared near the village recently, so whatever it was might have abandoned the village, or perhaps it might have left the area.

They expected it was something like that, but since they didn't know what exactly they were dealing with, they went as a group of three for safety. Because of that, Satia and Alfred were currently the only two at the house.

Satia and Alfred were adventurers that acted as a pair. Since it was always just the two of them, they weren't particularly conscious of that fact. Even so, as for the woman of marriageable age, she may have considered it as being alone with the person that was close to her heart.

Not saying anything, Satia stood close behind Alfred as he nonchalantly sat on a chair. Possibly due to wondering what she was thinking about, Alfred pulled a nearby chair up and lightly clapped its surface. It appeared he wanted her to sit.

"... Thank you very much. Umm, Goshujin-sama?"

Sitting down on that chair, Satia spoke. Something like taking a rest before their master was improper for a slave.

This was because the young man named Alfred looked at Satia not as a slave, but as a companion. Even so, Satia did not realize this.

Alfred saw Satia as a companion, yet Satia thought of Alfred as someone that was a benign master towards slaves.

It was a slight discrepancy. However... that was probably just fine for these two that would clumsily interact with each other.

“I’ve been thinking about something a bit.”

“... That’s... me too.”

“That so.”

Alfred, not looking too deeply into Satia’s response, was immersed in his thoughts. Picturing a map of the nearby area in his head, he wondered where they would search if the abandoned mine wasn’t what they were looking for.

Vacantly staring at Alfred’s profile, despite not showing any particular expression, a warmth spread through Satia’s chest as she watched him.

Even if her expressions were few and far between, that didn’t mean her emotions were as well. Did Satia think her Goshujin-sama noticed this fact?

No, he surely hadn't noticed.

Even so, that's fine. That's what Satia believed. She would travel together with him, as well as stay quiet next to him like this. Just this. With just this much, Satia was satisfied.

"Guess we're going up that mountain tomorrow huh."

One of the adventurers they had come with said that. Laying down in his bed that was just a blanket laid out on the floor, he placed his long-cherished sword immediately next to him, leaving his dagger at the bedside.

The other adventurers did the same, they shared the sentiment of not wanting to relax their guards within the village, even if they were inside a house.

"Well then, Satia. If there's anything—"

"Yes. Alfred-sama too, umm... see you in the morning."

"Good night, Satia-chan."

It was still early in the night, but since they needed to save their strength for the next day, they decided to turn in early. There wasn't much in the way of entertainment in such an out of the way village as this, so there wasn't anything to do once the sun went down. It wasn't a bad idea to drink alcohol, but everyone agreed it was better to wait till after they finished their work.

There wasn't any particular meaning to it, but if forced to say something, they'd probably say it was something like a prayer. Alcohol wasn't something to be drunk before work. That was something decided by Alfred. Other than that, he was simply a non-drinker, and Satia had a character that would refrain from such things.

Her good night greeting complete, Satia headed to the room allocated to her.

Although they heard it had been a while since the house's owner disappeared, it wasn't dirty. There wasn't any dust either. Frederica or her companions probably used this room.

There was a bed and cabinet to store clothes in inside the room, as well as two windows. There wasn't much space for anything else; if even Satia with her small frame got out of bed, she'd easily be able to reach the cabinet.

The room's layout was probably thought out by the former owner—an elderly person—to make moving about in the room less needed.

Leaning the staff she shouldered against the bed, she sat down onto the bed without changing clothes.

“Fuuu...”

She felt a little giddy.

Letting out a small breath, her drowsy eyes slowly drifted shut. She cautioned

herself against being indiscreet, but her chest felt warm no matter what she did. Even now, she felt her cheeks heat up and redden.

“Alfred-sama—”

She muttered his name. Just that was enough to turn the warmth in her chest into a heat.

She wondered if her companions in the other room were asleep. It was completely quiet in the room as she held her breath to try and listen for any noises from them.

Satia listened in for a while without moving or making any sounds—then, slid her beautifully white fingers down her robe.

It wasn't a high-cost item. It was made of a thick cloth that blocked most light touches, you wouldn't be able to notice someone placing a finger over the robe without them pressing rather hard.

The stimulation from her fingers wasn't transmitted to her undeveloped breast, clothed in the robe and unnecessary undergarment as it was, but even so, she rubbed her fingers over it through her robe over and over. Rather than massaging, it was more like she was caressing herself.

“Nn...”

As for why Satia felt that amount of stimulation to be unsatisfying... that was due to her being experienced at comforting herself.

As she did this, Satia wondered to herself just when it came to the point where she would comfort herself even on a journey and not in one of the royal capital's inns. She didn't have an answer.

She knew it was at one point after she became aware of Alfred's goodwill towards her, but when was it? When she was bought as a slave? When she was taught magic and how to read and write? Or maybe it was when she was needed as an adventurer, rather than as a slave?

Rolling up her thick black robe, she held it in her mouth. The immature legs below her belly were laid bare.

The door to the room was closed. Because the robe was held in her mouth, her voice would probably be muffled for the most part.

Her minuscule chest, now without its unneeded undergarment, was exposed to the cold night's air. Her cheeks and ears dyed red from embarrassment, but all the same the girl couldn't hold out any longer and, on her side, crooked her body forward.

She forcibly closed her lovable drowsy eyes. What she pictured in the darkness was—her master that she held dear. Despite her original intentions of only going so far as to warm her cheeks, the girl's thin and beautiful fingers moved over her important place with practiced movements.

Her right hand went towards her chest, her left hand on top of her unadorned panties. It was a crude method of masturbation, just pressing down on both with her fingers. But even so, it wasn't as though she knew nothing about it.

Her body was thin, so her frantic masturbation was accompanied with pain. Satia was a slave. Since it was necessary, she received an education.

A male slave would become the shield of the adventurer who was their master and would be used to satisfy the woman's desires.

A female slave would become a tool to satisfy the man's cravings.

Satia's original appearance was essentially that of this world's slaves.

However, the young man named Alfred was different from the rest. He didn't see Satia as a woman, he looked at her as a comrade.

He greeted her hello in the mornings with an genuinely warm voice, thanking Satia in praise for the dishes she cooked. Combing her hair with those hands that had grown rough from swinging a sword, being drawn close by those large hands—

“—Nnuu.”

Unlike her own small hands, his were large and brusque.

Her right hand stroked her meager chest up and down. Matching her breast size, her small nipples were excited from the mere thought of the young man, asserting themselves when she began rubbing them. Even though she thought it was shameful, the girl by no means stopped stimulating her erogenous zones.

The stimulation was light at first. After a while, her small nipples gradually grew large enough that they could just barely be pinched with her fingers.

Satia's body was insensitive to sexual stimulation due to her age, but her mind was already that of a woman's.

She caressed her nipple, pinching it... as well as stroking her private area from above her white underwear.

In her days as a slave, she wasn't able to understand just what was so good about it. Everyone knew about masturbation as general knowledge, but for Satia, who held a fastidious dislike towards those shameful acts, she got the impression that people were defiling themselves. When she was first trained in the act, she felt more disgust and pain than pleasure.

She didn't get even a vague feeling of pleasure from her breasts being rubbed and her dry genitals only felt pain. Her immature sexual feelings didn't react to the pleasure as pleasure, it simply came across as pain and disgust to her brain.

She was disgusted and rejected it. She rejected the foul act of masturbation, recognizing it as a shameful deed.

However, it was different now.

She thought of the young man, she thought of her Goshujin-sama, she masturbated while thinking of him. For certain, this satisfied Satia both as a slave and as a woman.

"Fuu, u—nnn..."

A muffled voice leaked out through the robe held in her mouth.

The fingers she had been using to caress her nipple now began to grip and work it, as it was now stiff. The nipple was flexible and would change into the shape she kneaded and pulled it into, but would immediately return to its original shape—a delicate protruding hill of flesh.

As for the fingers working her genitals from above her panties, she changed her focus towards an area slightly above the rest, towards her zealous clitoris. Still shrouded in its covering, her clitoris provided her with an intense stimulation; this was her weakest part.

When the girl thought of the young man and masturbated for the first time, she had stimulated her clitoris directly.

At that time, she wasn't able to hold back her voice. She bit down so hard she'd practically torn through the pillow she was using to muffle her voice and now recalled having to endure the incredible stimulation.

After that experience, the girl even felt something akin to fear towards baring her clitoris. It was similar to pain, but the pain was isolated through the sheer stimulation.

She felt too much. It was beyond obscene. It was with both fear and curiosity towards that more-than-satisfying pleasure that she remembered the experience. She was unsure what she felt about it, changing her approach to leaving the clitoris sheathed and covered by her panties. Without the pain, Satia felt moderate pleasure from it.

She didn't want to show that youth her current appearance. However, if a night were to arrive where she were talking with her beloved Goshujin-sama and her chest happened to warm... by all costs, she would request this shameful act.

Moving her fingers while thinking of her master, a warmth entered her voice and her waist started to move back and forth slightly. Her fingers were moving faster and faster. Before she'd realized it, tears of joy began to flow from her tightly closed eyes.

(Goshujin-sama.. Goshuuujin-samaaaaa...)

Afraid to speak it out loud, she called for her beloved over and over in her heart. Her black robe caught the drool overflowing from her mouth, darkening.

But the girl didn't notice, stroking her nipple and softly stimulating her clitoris.

Her meager waist went into a small fit, disarranging her bed sheets. The stimulation was more than enough even through her white panties—love fluids began to erupt from her vagina.

One could hear the sounds of ragged breathing and the rustle of clothes. Even the thought of wondering whether Alfred, who was in the room next to her's, heard her was enough to stimulate Satia's lust.

Her silver hair clung to her brow covered in sweat. Her hair, usually collected side up style, lay spread out across the sheet.

“Fuuu, f-, uu.. fuu!”

(More, more... please, harder, touch me!)

Pushing against her erect nipple, she kneaded it with her thumb. Only her right nipple was being groped, so the swelling in her left nipple was obviously different. She wouldn't stop even if someone saw her obscene appearance, the girl continued to single-mindedly torment her right nipple.

The hand that was working on her clitoris slipped into her panties and—despite Satia's original determination—began to directly caress her clitoris. However, it was still wrapped in its prepuce. Her feet and toes alternated from being curled and being stretched to the max as her waist began to move more intensely.

More forceful, more intense—she violated her nipple, imagining the fingers to be her master's.

She was being violated by her Goshujin-sama's large, warm hands. It was just in her heated delusions, but the zealous passion blazed ever fiercer in her body.

“Ha—ah, g-good... so good...!”

Her lips had parted from her robe, unable to endure to pleasure.

“Alfred, sama.... aaa...”

She called her master's name out with the voice of a woman. Satia knew that

it was disrespectful, but this merely served to push her over the top into climaxing.

Both long and intense, her body climaxed. Her waist trembled many, many times.

As though it wouldn't last long enough, her fingers didn't stop despite still tasting the climax.

Forcibly strumming her clitoris, she synced up with her waist's convulsions. She stuck her hips out towards the ceiling, as though aiming towards the waist of a man who wasn't there.

"Haaah...! Un—ah!"

She flipped over face-down against the bed in panic, trying to subdue her voice. After not being stimulated, her left nipple rubbing up against the bed sent an electric shock of stimulation into her mind.

It felt amazing, so she continued using both her right hand and the sheet to stimulate her nipples.

Her nipples rubbing against the sweat-dampened sheet wasn't painful or itchy... it produced a slightly unsatisfying pleasure. However, Satia felt the stimulation against her burning body to be just right. Her mind muddled from desire, she shook her body back and forth while panting quickly.

Meanwhile, her bottom that had been thrust into the air like a dog trembled many times over.

When she stimulated her clitoris and the entrance to her genitals that were now dripping licentious fluids, her wet panties bit into her slim bottom. The elastic from her underwear digging into her hips was obscene, appearing as though she was falling from virtue.

Not noticing that either, she wholeheartedly applied herself to provoking her nipples and genitals in want of obtaining even greater pleasure.

“Goshuujin, sa—goshuu—shamaa...”

Pushing her face against the bed, she attempted to muffle her moans so that no one would hear.

Her muffled voice was stopped by the door and wall, so it didn't carry to anyone else's ears. Still, if her beloved Goshujin-sama heard... that dreaded thought couldn't stop her.

She called for the young man countless times. With her voice, with her thoughts... although the person herself didn't notice it, she hoped that he would see her.

Her fingers accelerated yet again. Imagining her fingers to be his, Satia stuck her waist ever higher into the air.

She moved from her clitoris, into her vagina itself—ravaging herself with two fingers.

Feeling the immature and obscenity of it all, she thrust her doll-like fingers into herself over and over.

Constantly stimulating the shallow area as though to rub it raw, she forced out her sexual pleasure.

She wanted to reach her climax while thinking about the young man. Imagining his fingers, she thought about her Goshujin-sama's voice, imagining he was there, doing this to her—

“Fuu!? ... N, hii... aaau!”

Together with a particularly loud muffled voice, she went into a spasm strong enough to cause her to lose control of her limbs.

Over and over and over did she release her love fluids, her waist quivering as though to show off how her panties stuck to her vagina.

The sheet wet by her tears, her robe rolled up as it was didn't serve its function as clothing.

Her delicate back exposed to the air, her convulsing body glimmered through the obscenity of its sweat.

After enduring the spasms for some time, Satia's body was drained of all its strength, her waist dropping feebly down to the bed. She weakly turned over, staring dimly up at the ceiling.

Her robe was rolled up and her panties were wet due to her secretions, yet she just stared dimly at the ceiling.

The two small swollen bulges on her chest rose up and down with her intense breathing. She herself could hear the trailing notes of her previous act in her breaths.

The girl's fiercely erect nipples told of how intense her masturbation was.

"Haah—... Haah... nn—"

She had to change into her pajamas, and if she didn't change her underwear...

Vaguely thinking about things like that, she tried to move her obscene body, still suffering the aftermath of her climax.

"Have to, clean..."

Her sweat felt dirty.

Although she herself didn't notice it, the smell was sure to be lewd.

... For the slave, the only person she didn't want to be hated by was her Goshujin-sama.

However, her limbs were numb from her climax and wouldn't listen to her.

She had already completely given herself to the warmth for a while now.
Satia, her breasts and panties still exposed—

—closed her eyes.

Chapter 2: The Abandoned Mine's Investigation

(Part 1)

On the morning of the next day, Alfred's group climbed the mountain as planned, arriving at the entrance to the abandoned mine.

It was still early in the morning. The weather was good, too, so it probably wouldn't begin storming with how things were.

They advanced while comparing the map of the village's local area they were using to the geography around them, but they managed to arrive mostly faster than expected.

"Doesn't look like there's anything here."

Of the three adventurers, the one to speak was the eldest man. The five people concealed themselves in the surrounding vegetation and watched the abandoned mine's entrance.

"Is our prey inside? Maybe somewhere else...?"

"There's also the chance it left the area."

Through the experienced adventurers' intuitions, they came to consider that

it might have left.

Whatever it was, it attacked adventurers. It was possible that it would expect people like them to come and subjugate it at the cave. It was within the realm of possibilities that their mark was a beast rather than a group of humans, but they couldn't imagine a mage like Frederica falling to a beast.

Sure, the two she had brought seemed like amateurs that could barely grow facial hair, but even so they shouldn't have had a problem against an opponent at the level of a common beast.

That was the opinion of everyone here.

They would explore the abandoned mine after this to look for clues for where the bandits went off to.

As for them staking out the entrance, the reason was that there was a small chance the bandits weren't too wary of adventurers and kept the area as their roost all the same. So for now, this had to be done.

"Should we go in and look through the mine?"

"Maybe. It doesn't look like anyone's still here."

Those things said, the five all moved out from the thicket.

It was decided that three people, Alfred included, would make up the vanguard with Satia and one of the other adventurers comprising the rear

guard.

Preparing two lanterns, one of the adventurers from the vanguard and rear guard each hung them at the belt on their waists.

One of the vanguards unfurled a map, relying on the light shining in from the entrance to see it. Understanding that it was fairly complicated from a simple glance, he seemed a bit offput by that alone.

“It’s dark, as well as damp in here... Satia-chan, watch your step okay?”

“Yes... Goshujin-sama, please be careful as well.”

“Haha, I’m alright.”

Despite it being so bright nearby the entrance from the outside’s light, the abandoned mine quickly grew darker as they advanced.

That much should be obvious, though. No one had come into this place for more than ten years. The abandoned oil lanterns were broken with pickaxes and the like carelessly strewn about along the path.

Clearly, there were no signs of people inhabiting the area. This abandoned mine had an uncannily cold atmosphere, and—

“A poltergeist, maybe?”

“It’ll be fine if you keep a grip on your mind, Alfred.”

“Yeah.”

Not carrying a lantern, Alfred kept one hand firmly placed on the hilt of his sword as they moved forward.

A word that one of the adventurers said: poltergeist. What was a poltergeist? It was something that would have died in a place like this abandoned mine, time passing without it receiving a proper burial, the soul of someone who hadn’t been purified.

Although its voice wouldn’t cause any particular harm, it could break someone’s concentration in such a closed space as this, irritating them. Gradually depriving someone of their sanity, they would cause people to go mad if left alone.

In the era that monsters existed in, they were an existence that afflicted humanity to a great degree.

“Alright, let’s keep moving.”

Checking once again that the sword on his waist was still in working order, Alfred spoke. It was the same with Satia, she walked cautiously, holding her large staff that didn’t quite match the size of her body.

Without any further speaking, the five continued their advance.

However, people wouldn't live in a place that had poltergeists inhabiting it. Perhaps their mark wasn't a group of bandits after all?

Everyone began to come to that conclusion as they moved further in, not seeing any indications towards the presence of people. It would be impossible for them to explore all of the passageways in a single day, they had talked about it beforehand.

They'd told the village chief that they were planning on allocating three days to search through the abandoned mine.

In the case of an unexpected event, they told him that they should request the aid of a knight order from the royal capital if they wound up not returning to the village after four days pass.

Alfred's group judged that if they also fell to whatever their opponent was, it was something that was too much for adventurers to handle.

"Nothing here either..."

How long had they walked since entering the abandoned mine?

They couldn't see the sun, so they could only traverse the mine with a dulled perception of time. Even if adventurers were accustomed to situations like this, things that were unpleasant would be unpleasant.

Reacting even to the smallest of noises, their nerves were ground down little by little.

There was an additional problem: the poltergeist's moans. Poltergeists fed off of the dismay of the living.

Adventurers that were mentally and emotionally cornered in dark areas like how Alfred and the rest currently were would gradually... bit by bit, be driven mad, even without the person themselves being aware of the fact.

It wouldn't be a problem for those that could keep a firm grip on their mind, but after walking through a place like the abandoned mine for such a long time, things could change.

They couldn't be cut down by swords and most standard magics were barely effective.

They were difficult existences to handle without priests, people who could use holy magic that conveyed the miracles of god.

"We still have a good amount of oil for the lanterns, but maybe we should head back and take a rest?"

"Sounds good, but keep your eyes peeled, don't want to injure ourselves from rushing."

There still had time to spare. They were anxious about Frederica's safety, but there was no reason in them getting themselves injured.

Even Satia, the youngest of everyone here, had a good bit of endurance to

spare.

That said, she didn't have a reckless character and wouldn't needlessly push herself.

"Well then Satia, let's go back."

"... Yes."

She answered, nodding to her master's statement, and began to walk with a steady pace.

Satia's black robe hid her in the darkness of the cave despite the lanterns' light, but her platinum hair shined vaguely.

Her doll-like figure and mood seemed to stand out and sparkle to those who saw her in the cave.

As for the men, seeing her calmed their nerves. The existence of an adorable girl like her was like healing to them.

Like so, they retraced their path and exited from the abandoned mine.

Even though there was the light from the lanterns, the sun was dazzling to their eyes after being in the mine for so long. They blocked the sun from their eyes by holding their hands up until they grew accustomed to the brightness.

“It’ll be noon soon huh.”

“Let’s eat some lunch.”

No one objected. Their meal was comprised of some dried meat and bread they’d received at the village.

Though their exploration of the abandoned mine had only just begun, the five of them still held optimistic views towards the outcome.

There were no signs that people were still inhabiting the mine, so they at least knew that their situation wouldn’t shift out of nowhere.

After leaving that abandoned mine filled with stagnant air, the men were more talkative than usual. Satia watched them while eating her bread, staring vacantly as usual.

If things kept up how they were going, they probably wouldn’t even take all three days to finish looking through the mine.

That’s what all of them believed.

(Part 2)

Nearby the abandoned mine's entrance, in the shade of a rock where light didn't reach, was something wriggling—the black ooze.

It was a monster that reacted to human voices despite being so far inside the cave's recesses. Putting aside its violation of Frederica midway, it went towards the voices—it proceeded to the entrance.

Frederica, not recognizing the presence of people in her line of work, begged for it to not leave her on the verge of cumming, but the slime ignored her and continued forward. But because she tried following it, clinging to it, the black ooze affixed her against the wall with some mucus it separated from its body.

The former mage beauty, originally someone who wouldn't stoop to comforting herself and whose body was now used to being brought to blackout-inducing climaxes, miserably shook her waist against the wall of the cave's depths on the brink of climaxing.

She would shed tears of delight if the slime returned, even prostitutes might have called out for the monster to return.

Having left Frederica in such a state, the slime immediately judged that the humans taking up position outside of the entrance were adventurers that had gathered together.

Completely absorbing those two adventurers, the slime's intelligence and

intuition had risen another level. It hadn't yet secured a method of using magic, but since it acquired mana, it was able to instinctively distinguish which adventurers among them were mages.

There were two—a man and a woman.

The slime would off the man and rape the woman.

If it obeyed its instincts, it might finally be able to obtain a way to use its mana.

The slime reduced its body's volume so that the adventurers wouldn't notice it from the rock's shadow. Its mass didn't change, but it could hide itself through changing its body's size.

As its color was also black to begin with, it merged entirely with the abandoned mine's darkness.

It didn't have something like a sense of boredom at the passing of time, so the slime simply continued to wait for the adventurers to make their move.

With its body size reduced, the slime looked somewhat like a rock, so even if it was seen it would appear as though it were using some mimetic ability. After holding that shape for around thirty more minutes, there was a movement from the group of adventurers.

The slime noticed this through its senses, but continued to stay as still as a stone.

Paying attention to all five of them at the same time was still too difficult a task for this slime. Moreover, this time there were two mages. Judging by its fight against Frederica—by its seizure of Frederica, it realized that its compatibility versus mages was very poor.

From its adventurer knowledge, the black ooze realized further that it was weak to heat and flame. Although it wasn't as though all mages could use those magics, there was a definite possibility that at least one of these two mages could.

The black ooze became able to tolerate magic to a small extent after obtaining mana, but there was no helping it as that was the weak point of a slime.

First, it assumed that it had to disempower the mages.

For slashing and blunt attacks, all it had to do was respond with paralytic poison when it was approached.

If it were a normal monster, it would simply follow its instincts and attack those coming straight at it. However, this slime was able to think. It would disempower its greatest enemy the first chance it got.

This was something no other monsters until now could do. This slime could plan ahead.

“Satia, be careful alright?”

“... Yes.”

Even with hearing the two mages speak directly next to it, the black ooze didn't budge an inch.

The group passed by it, not realizing a thing. When their footsteps faded, it finally undid its camouflage. Ascending the face of the wall with its soft and pliable body, it skillfully moved along the ceiling to chase after the adventurers.

*

The humans' footsteps were slow going due to their reliance on the lantern light, so it was able to catch up quickly despite its relatively prolonged movements.

However, it didn't act immediately. It would first stalk the adventurers for a while to observe them.

The adventurers methodically searched through the abandoned mine while taking notes about their progress, not aware that a slime was crawling on the ceiling behind them.

As ever, their path held no traces of recent habitation so the going was slow. Moreover, it was incredibly dusty. The farther they advanced into its interior, the more intense the dust. They'd reached the point where they covered their mouths with cloth to keep moving.

Moreover, the dust dispersed their lanterns' light, further worsening their view. In that sort of situation, it was hard to even see the way to the ceiling.

Along with the abandoned mine's darkness, there was both the stifling dust and the poltergeists' voices that continued even now.

This all added together deprived the adventurers of their physical strength and their concentration.

Although they still had their composure, there was no helping the fact that they were becoming dispirited.

After walking for a while, their speed began slowing down.

"Look here, there's a bit of bone."

"Rather, it'd be weird if there weren't any yeah?"

"Right."

This was something else just as dangerous about poltergeists.

Even if they weren't a problem if they could keep a firm grip on their mood, adventurers would naturally begin to wear down at some point.

And when that happened, they would return to the entrance.

Probably accustomed to taxing explorations like this, the adventurers wouldn't explore for an unreasonable period of time.

How many more times would they look?

After taking a short rest break outside, they went back to looking through the abandoned mine.

The slime continued following the adventurers, waiting for an opportunity.

It understood that it was at a five-to-one disadvantage. It wouldn't make its move unless the adventurers split up their party or showed some kind of definite opening.

Endurance and time held no sway to the slime, so chasing after them for an indefinite amount of time was nothing to it.

Perhaps the adventurers were lucky... or perhaps unlucky? The areas they searched through were all far from the depths where Frederica was in.

If they continued searching at their current pace, they would probably find Frederica after several days.

In this way, the first day came to an end and night fell. Encircling a fire near the mine's entrance, the adventurers went to sleep after assigning two people to the night watch.

It tried provoking a reaction from them by shaking some of the nearby vegetation, but this caused the sleeping adventurers to wake up as well.

Doing that wouldn't work.

As expected, it would have to find some method inside the mine. The black ooze ended its futile precautions.

The night continued without it doing anything to the adventurers. It passed the night making sure that it wouldn't be noticed from the thicket.

Although it was probably reasonable for it to have returned into the abandoned mine, the black ooze judged that doing so would have been too dangerous as the group of adventurers set up at the entrance.

Like that, the adventurers woke up once the night ended and set out back into the mine. The black ooze followed them inside, paying attention so as to not alert them to its presence.

The second day was no different. The adventurers searched through the darkness and the dust, struggling against the poltergeists' voices all the while.

This day seemed to pass more smoothly than the first day. They probably came to the conclusion that no people nor beasts inhabited the mine.

They were still cautious, but despite them not comparing their map to the mine as they went like they did with the first day, they advanced steadily until they came to forks in the path.

They appeared to have memorized the map to the abandoned mine. This was also something that pointed to them being experienced adventurers.

They would return to the entrance whenever their concentration wore thin, just like the first day, before diving right back in after a short rest.

The adventurers didn't take any futile risks on the second day either.

And so the black ooze also continued doing what it had been doing, it kept itself concealed as it tried to think of something.

(Part 3)

“—Yes, I am still alright.”

“We’ll turn back when it gets hard, so let me know.”

“... Yes.”

Their search continued. They divided into two groups, so their efficiency doubled.

In a good mood because of that, the adventurers continued advancing further into the cave’s depths.

Their speed was much faster than what it was on the second day. Therefore, their stamina was also depleted faster than on the previous day.

“We’ve gone pretty far in huh.”

“... We have.”

It wasn’t shown in her expression, but Satia’s shoulders were moving up and down slightly.

Advancing while covering her mouth due to the dust quickly drained her stamina. They were inside a tunnel still, but the men decided it was a good time to take a break.

Sitting down in suitable spots, they sighed. It was still dusty, but just that much was fine for the body.

At that moment, a drop of liquid fell on the neck of the eldest man.

By the time that the man wondered what it was, it was already too late.

—As soon as the man collapsed, Satia and the other man crumpled forward as well.

“W-wha...!?”

He couldn’t speak. He confused by suddenly not being able to move even a finger.

They could just barely breath, but doing so was painful.

What happened?

While thinking that, the field of view of that man who had been carrying the lantern was enveloped by an exhaustive amount of black mucus.

Her other comrade unable to move and collapsed on the floor as well, Satia encourage her numbed body to get up, relying on her staff.

The appearance of Satia somehow forcing herself to stand was the last thing the man saw in this world.

On the morning of the third day, the adventurers had some breakfast while unfurling the abandoned mine's map.

The abandoned mine's search wasn't progressing how they thought it would.

If they continued at the pace they had on the second day, it would still probably take another three days.

They didn't think that all of the mine had to be examined, but even so they wanted to explore all of the major paths.

There was hardly any danger, so their exploration was rather monotonous. Among the five, they felt that neither their target of subjugation nor Frederica was in the mine.

In that case, they would cease their search for Frederica... they'd probably hand that over to the kingdom's knight orders.

Certainly, even though adventurers occasionally accepted commissions for missing person searches, there was a limit. Usually, an adventurer's job nowadays was to subjugate beasts that appear close to highways, as the number of monster and bandit subjugations had dwindled.

Searching for people was for knight orders.

Although they asked for a higher commission fee than adventurers, they were more reliable than adventurers.

However, adventurers hated knight orders.

They had titles, so they tended to look down on the occupation of 'adventurer'.

“How about we split into two groups today?”

Because of all of that, this suggestion popped up.

They had judged that the mine was harmless these past two days. Although there was a lot of dust and poltergeists, that was it.

There weren't any bandits or beasts either, so it wouldn't be any problem even if the skilled adventurers divided into two groups.

“That sounds good.”

So Alfred agreed with it.

Since there was no danger, they could search which double the efficiency.

There search would advance even faster, so they could guarantee securing Frederica's safety if she were still alright.

They separated into groups of: Alfred and one man, Satia and two men.

Mages were valuable. Although they didn't expect there to be any unforeseen situations, the two mages would be their greatest fighting strength if worse came to worst.

They went with this to avoid losing both at the same time.

Like this, the adventurers split their group.

Confirming their state from a long distance away, the slime chased after the adventurers, returning into the abandoned mine so as to not be noticed.

The first thing it followed? The woman.

There was nothing to be done about it.

It was **instinct**.

Depending on the lantern's light, Satia's group advanced through the abandoned mine. One of the men held the lantern and map while the other walked in the lead, confirming their footing.

The two men stood in positions as though to protect Satia between them.

The three's speed as they advanced silently had hardly changed from the second day. The slime chased those three while adhered to the ceiling.

About the time that it had thought of giving up on attacking them and just turning a blind eye to the whole thing, the adventurers split up.

But even so, it didn't rush. It wouldn't attack until it could separate them even more.

Above all, the woman that walked between them was a mage. An opponent that it absolutely had to render unable to attack before it was able to use magic.

Carefully, ever so carefully—the black ooze followed the three people.

After humans continued on for a little while, their stamina would deplete and their concentration would slip.

This was something that the slime learned from pursuing them on the second day.

Those adventurers would never even think of something like a pursuer following them on the ceiling as they advanced farther and farther inside the mine's interior with only the slightest amount of caution.

Satia, with an expression similar to that of a doll's, let out a small sigh for being apart from Alfred, her master.

It was a small feeling that could almost be called dissatisfaction, but even so her concentration didn't slip.

This was because she knew that unless she did her job properly, it could lead to inconveniences.

“... Phew.”

“Are you alright, Satia-chan?”

The same moment that Satia prepared her staff, a tentacle twined around it.

However, before the staff was tossed away, the woman created a flame in front of her to light up the abandoned mine's darkness.

“A slime!?”

Seeing the appearance of a monster that shined due to the flames, Satia called out the name of the monster with a surprised look on her face.

However, that lasted for only a moment.

Her shocked expression was once again concealed behind her usual sagely expression. The tentacle that was coiling around her staff was burnt off by the fire.

“... Flame!”

The girl fell to her knees along with firing off a ball of fire.

It had used paralytic poison on her, but it appeared that the potency was too low this time. It was able to render the men powerless immediately due to using its highest potency on them, but it diluted the woman's too much.

Her body was small, so it used an even smaller dose than what it had used on Frederica. However, that backfired. The black ooze felt that it was troublesome disempowering women.

Even so, it hurriedly negated the fireball by using magical power it had stolen from Frederica on it.

“Eh—!?”

It couldn't be called magic... but it just expelled magical power, once again tearing down Satia's usual expression, astonishing her.

Although the slime was a troublesome monster that could nullify physical attacks with its viscous body, it was an existence that couldn't tolerate magic in the least.

At the very least, common knowledge said that slimes couldn't use magic.

Dragging her numbed legs, Satia started to take a small distance from the slime.

She was slightly troubled as to why the paralytic poison was weak on her, but she didn't have the time to think about it just then.

The slime absorbed one of the fallen men, the other one was still on the ground unable to move an inch.

Currently, the only one among them that could fight was Satia. She had used fire magic on the spur of the moment in order to see in the darkness, but if

caused an explosion, the worst case would be the mine collapsing down on all of them.

She couldn't use fire, the slime's weakness.

However, Satia could use both fire and wind-type magic. Both were unsuitable attributes for fighting inside an enclosed area such as this.

Satia couldn't figure out why there was a slime in a place like this. Thinking that she absolutely had to escape this place to warn her master of the danger, she moved her numb body.

She skillfully moved her staff, dragging the lower half of her body along the way due to its slowed reactions.

Fortunately, the slime moved even slower than Satia after being numbed through the paralytic poison.

It was because it was digesting the other two as its prey, but Satia kept herself from thinking about that.

Even so, as though to ridicule her efforts, a tentacle shot out from the slime's main body and seized the boot on Satia's right leg.

Turning behind her in a panic, shining in the lantern's light, the two men had already been completely absorbed by the slime.

And one of her legs had been caught by it.

She couldn't shake it off with her numbed body. Satia's small body wasn't that strong to begin with.

"Hii..."

She was going to be absorbed by the slime.

Moreover, she would be alive as it happened. A stiffened cry escaped her lips due to the horror of seeing herself dragged into hell.

She kept trying to free herself, but her paralyzed leg wouldn't move. Although she could somewhat feel it rubbing against the ground, it wouldn't listen to her and remained still.

"Fire!"

Using that, she burned off the tentacle seizing her leg with the weakest fire magic.

The tentacle was burned by her fire arrow and it caused a small explosion when it hit the ground, but it didn't cause the cave to collapse.

It was unfortunate for the other two, but she couldn't save them.

Trying to escape, a subtle sound reached her ears.

At that moment, Satia's staff was yanked out of her hands and tossed away.

"—Ah!?"

Before she even noticed she had lost her staff, tentacles captured Satia's thin arms and legs.

Her small body was lifted into the air and forced into a shape similar to [大].

Despite her fervent attempts to jolt her body free, her paralyzed body wasn't responding to her that well. By the time she was lifted into the air, she had become unable to resist.

The fear of being absorbed like that struck her mind like a hammer.

Cold sweat flowed down her numbed body as she continued trying to break free somehow. However, her resistance was pitiful. She gradually became aware that she lost feeling in her arms and legs. By her frantic movements, she had simply quickened the poison's speed.

(Paralytic poison—what kind of slime...)

Although there were many varieties of slimes, in truth, the difference was only about as much as a change in color or size.

There weren't any slimes that could use poison depicted in the books. It was something that Satia couldn't realize was due to the blessing of mutation.

Knowing that the feeling in its catch had dulled, the slime decided to move on and get started.

Due to its knowledge, it knew that its prey could still use magic without a staff.

However, the black ooze also knew from disempowering that offensive magic

from earlier that it could use its quantity of magical power to nullify whatever magic this woman could use at her level.

Setting its caution aside, it carried Satia's small body before its main body.

Her small limbs were covered entirely by her black robe. Her rich platinum hair was brought together on the left side, some of it stuck to her sweat-soaked cheek.

Her usually sleepy-looking eyes now looked as though they were glaring at a bitter enemy, forcefully glaring at the black ooze. Even so, she couldn't hide the fear swirling about in her eyes.

Not seeming to mind any of that, the slime exposed two of its tentacles before Satia's eyes.

"—?"

Not understanding what it intended to do, Satia knit her brows slightly.

She thought about calling for Alfred before it was too late for her to try to do so, but she didn't want to accidentally incite the slime.

For some reason, it didn't look like the slime intended to kill her immediately. Understanding that, she somehow subdued her urge to scream out of fear.

Alfred would notice the usage of magic and come to her aid. Thinking that, the girl endured it.

Satia knew that mages were sensitive to changes in the flow of magical power. Alfred taught her that. That had saved him many times.

However, in the next moment, the girl's eyes opened wide from astonishment.

For some reason, the two tentacles the slime showed her entered into her clothes from the rim of her robe.

"Hii!? N-n-no! Why!?"

Her thought of not wanting to incite it disappeared in an instant.

The tentacles, covered in a viscous liquid, ran along Satia's thin legs, passing over her panties as they slowly climbed towards her abdomen.

She had goosebumps from the disgusting sensation as she attempted to shake her numbed body to drive out the tentacles. Because of her roughened breathing and sweat, her body's metabolism increased, causing the paralytic poison to show its effect even faster.

Even her resistance weakened after a while. As a result, the slime was able to uneventfully capture a mage with a diluted paralytic poison.

As though satisfied by the result, the black ooze wriggled its tentacles. It stroked Satia's abdomen, stimulating her as it smeared a viscous liquid onto her tiny backside.

This action seemed entirely like what a man would do to caress a woman. Although Satia didn't have experience in it, she knew about it and was aware of perverted acts.

"Kuh—N-no!"

She hated that it was moving across her abdomen, she was irritated that she was feeling it, but the thing that disturbed the mage's thoughts the most was her butt being caressed. As a result, the caress obstructed her use of magic.

Lit up by the lantern that had fallen to the ground, the black robed girl danced in the dark.

Her robe quickly absorbed the mucous, snugly sticking to Satia's limbs. There were undulations up and down her limbs, but they were all simply tentacles wriggling about under her robe.

It was a strangely obscene spectacle.

As both her arms and legs were incredibly numbed by this point, she could only resist by shaking her body.

"Goshujin-sama... help me..."

With her small, weakened voice—

—she begged for her beloved master's help.

(Part 4)

She wouldn't cry. That was the only thing that her honor would not allow. She swore to herself that she would answer Alfred's expectations, that she had to be at least that strong.

Thinking that, she glared at the slime. However, the moment that Satia glared at it, the tentacles that were holding her raised her a little farther into the air.

Both of her hands were raised above her head and restrained by a single tentacle. However, her legs were left open, making her body take the **form of a human** [人]. [1]

“—Ah!”

Unable to hold it back due to the sudden change, a small scream leaked from her mouth.

Adding to the two tentacles that were stimulating her abdomen, another two did the same.

They were thinner than the ones that were already there, but that wasn't of any consolation to Satia. Fear found its way into her usual doll-like calm. Her breathing becoming rough, she did not stop glaring at the black ooze.

Satia's body was stiffened for what would be done to her next. She only felt disgust towards any kind of stimulation. What did it matter what kind of stimulation it was?

... As though to break down her determination, a thin tentacle stimulated the area in and around Satia's armpit.

“Fuh—hiin!?”

Because of the strange sensation that was somewhat different from ticklishness, Satia accidentally let out a weird sound.

However, the tentacles' torture definitely wouldn't end with something at that degree.

Caressing her right armpit with a tentacle that felt entirely like a giant tongue,

it started moving another tentacle to do the same to a slightly lesser degree to her left armpit. Feeling the asymmetrical stimulation on her armpits, her tiny body shook as though trembling.

Only knowing masturbation, her body didn't know how to endure this level of stimulation it had felt for the first time ever and was being toyed with. She trembled slightly to the licking and trembled to the tickling as well. Whenever her abdomen was caressed, her numbed body would simply send information to her brain that she was receiving a keen stimulus. Her body, not knowing how to endure that either, was able to be toyed with much like a child's plaything.

Her body trembled slightly from each and every one of the black ooze's minute movements. Even if each stimulation was incredibly small, her adorable mouth started letting out her voice. The more she endured, the more humorous her appearance became.

Meanwhile, the sensation of the tentacles caressing her stomach that she could only feel as disgusting started to change into a ticklish feeling.

They rubbed and caressed her tender stomach, looking as if they were massage it.

"... Nn."

Satia remembered something from that strange ticklish feeling.

It was from when she first masturbated while thinking of Alfred. Her body, not knowing things like sexual arousal, remembered it as a ticklish feeling, not a sexual stimulation to feel good.

(No... This is, so, different...!)

Shutting her eyes, she closed her mouth.

Denying it in her heart over and over, she decided to be unresponsive like a doll until her master came to save her. She'd arbitrarily decided that the slime was doing this to get reactions out of her.

However, even though she decided that with her heart and denied the feeling... her body still reacted slightly. Experienced in the feeling of masturbation, her small-yet-adult body knew that the sensation was a pleasant

one.

It had flared up in pleasure countless times while thinking of her master at night. By now, Satia's body had been developed so thoroughly by her own fingers that it was incomparable to her first time.

But in the end, they were simply her own fingers.

Her armpits licks and sucked on by the tentacles, her abdomen was stimulated at the same time.

Experiences like this were things that generally no living human should be able to experience. Slowly but surely, this strange stimulation ignited a flame inside Satia's womb.

Her waist was moving back and forth.

At first, the movements were small, but the interval between each thrust shortened as time went on.

Satia, whose eyes were shut tight, didn't notice the change in her body, now pushing her waist forward and back even more strongly.

Although she'd closed her mouth as well, the breaths making their way out of her mouth were gradually growing more rough.

Even so, the brave appearance of a mage trying to forcibly subdue her reactions could be dimly seen through the darkness of the abandoned mine.

Her small hands that were clenched shut as though to display her desperate resistance opened, her slender fingers pointing outward to the ceiling. She had the strength to keep her fists closed no longer. At this point, the paralytic poison had circulated through her entire body.

The girl trying to mask her reactions to the sexual arousal as though she were some kind of doll was something that men all over the world would desire.

"Fuu... Fuu..."

Biting her lips, she desperately tried to keep her voice down. The fact that her figure could only be seen as excessively lewd was something that she herself hadn't realized.

Her black robe wasn't sticking to only her arms but her entire body by now.

It was fortunate that it was thick, as it concealed her budding small breasts, but her round bottom was showing its shape vividly.

Her waist was sweating, and along with that sweat... there was a feeling of her mucus-wetted panties biting into her. It was disgusting, so she shook her waist. It was an action out of disgust, but if anyone were to see it, ten out of ten people would say that it was an obscene action born from pleasure.

Satia hadn't noticed it herself, but despite embracing the thought that it was absolutely disgusting and forcibly shaking her numbed body to expel the tentacles—

—her body that had never known a man... was feeling pleasure.

Concluding that, the slime sent another two tentacles into her robe.

Her eyes still closed, the girl felt the existence of tentacles from the new sensations, but she swore in her mind to ignore them.

(If I don't react—)

Thinking that, she closed her eyes even more strongly, biting her lips as well.

Climbing her leg, going past her panties, over her abdomen—the girl's eyes opened wide.

"N-no... not, there..."

The words she spoke in reaction were excessively weak.

She desperately shook her body intending to resist, but the black ooze simply continued on, not minding her.

The place it was aiming for was a place it hadn't touched thus far... a place where there were two swelling, cherry blossom-colored projections.

Her all out effort was useless as the thin tentacles finally reached her nipples... twining around them. Despite not being touched, both were already tapered into points and standing at attention.

"Hii—nn!"

At that instant, the small mage's body jumped.

With her back and head arched backward, she frantically tried to endure the stimulation by biting her lips as a coquettish voice found its way past her lips.

She couldn't possibly bear the slippery tentacles. It was a feeling completely different from her own fingers, a not-yet-known pleasure.

Satia painstakingly denied her voice from continuing any further, but because of the pleasure she felt from the tentacle gently rubbing her nipples, she couldn't stop her body from denying her intentions as it shook. This was a natural reaction for a human body to have.

Even if she knew that, her body, convulsing from the six tentacles playing with her, was beyond obscene enough to capture a male's lust.

Despite those convulsions, she desperately tried to keep her voice reigned in.

The slime didn't pay any attention to her praiseworthy reaction, simply accelerating its tentacles' movement.

It pressed on her abdomen, licked and sucked her armpits, and rubbed and pulled on her nipples.

“—Nn, uuu—!!”

Knowing sexual pleasure, Satia couldn't bear the extraordinary pleasure. Her body immediately convulsed greatly over and over.

She was able to suppress her coquettish voice, but that was all.

Her lips slackened after a while and opened slightly. From that small opening, her tongue moved about as though to ask for something.

Saliva slipped out of her mouth, making its way down her throat.

Her small and weak body convulsed as she once again climaxed, liquid flowing from her so far yet untouched genitals.

Due to her definite climax, tears spilled from the girl's eyes.

(Goshu—... Alfred... sama...)

Footnotes:

- Edited the line slightly to hopefully keep the pun. The kanji in this line

means “person/human” as well as the shape her body is making. Author bolded the kanji to make it even more noticeable, as he has done in previous chapters with various things. Return

(Part 5)

“Nnnuu...”

Her waist trembled one time, forcibly. Due to her thoughts that were going against her intentions, her body started responding on its own.

As the slime played with her, she kept thinking of her beloved man in her mind in attempts to defend her spirit.

Continuing like that for a while, the slime stopped moving. Although Satia didn't understand what its intention was, she regained her breath and—

“Impossible...”

(My... mana...?)

Filled with exhaustion after climaxing, she weakly moved her head down towards her own body.

Her mana was absorbed. As a mage, Satia was sensitive to things like that.

(This slime, eats mana...?)

Moreover, it made women climax as well. As far as she was concerned, it was an abominable monster.

Because she'd climaxed, her thoughts were clouded and she had trouble moving her numbed body. If she couldn't do anything but wait for Alfred to save her, she would just have to make sure to not climax again.

However, contrary to her determination, Satia's body reacted on its own and unconsciously shook itself against the tentacles that stopped stimulating it.

Satia herself didn't notice it due to the thick robe that hid her body.

Even still, the slime didn't move. The girl knit her brows in suspicion, but for now all she could do was try to regain her breath as fast as possible.

“Haah... nn, haah...”

As for the slime, it waited for Satia to regain her breath.

The monster that raped the woman named Frederica understood that the

small mage would die if it did the same to her.

That's why it was gentle as it softened her limbs, slowly spending time to heat her body up.

And then—

“Kuh—again...”

Once Satia was able to breathe properly again, the slime resumed moving.

This time, it attacked her abdomen, armpits, and nipples all from the start. Having already met with the pleasure of climaxing just before, her body was susceptible to the stimulation, immediately reacting as it went into spasms.

Once again biting her lip, Satia gave up hope of being able to stop that as she did her best to keep her voice reigned in. She started bleeding from the force of her efforts, but she wasn't able to keep the sweet, ragged breathing from making its way out of the corners of her lips.

She felt bitter about her body's reactions being interesting to it.

It wasn't as though Satia was more sensitive than other people. Although one of them was withered, it was within the knowledge of sex that the men had—her skin was sensitized due to the paralytic poison.

This could be called the combination of technology and skill of men who had grown accustomed to dealing with women.

For Satia, who had never been with a man, it was a match she had no chance of winning in. The slime knew where to go and what to do in order to please a woman. This knowledge was also from its experience with Frederica.

Although Satia didn't know that, it wasn't as though her knowing would help either way.

Believing that her gentle Goshujin-sama would come and rescue her immediately, the adorable mage kept on enduring her treatment as though she were a doll. Her thin fingers stretched out towards the ceiling, her well-featured face warped as though in pain, and her untouched genitals throbbed.

No matter how someone saw it, her doll-like appearance looked incredibly obscene, almost like it was trying to lure men in.

But not paying attention to things like that, the slime continued to single-mindedly soften the mage's body.

Her convulsions gradually increasing in intensity, once the girl was visibly close to reaching her next climax, the slime stopped moving its tentacles.

"Fuu—uu... nn..."

Satia's waist shook vigorously.

However, there wasn't anything there to stimulate her.

Once the girl was done shaking her waist several times and after she finished catching her breath, the slime resumed moving its tentacles.

"H-haaahnnn!"

Her body, unable to reach its climax just before, immediately blazed back up as heated breaths made their way out of her mouth. Satia hurriedly bit her lip to stop it. Something that should have been for chanting spell incantations, the mage's mouth had ended up becoming an organ solely for spilling pleasure-filled breaths. It was vexing, but the feeling of not being able to stop it had already made its way through her chest.

The tentacles that were caressing her stomach area moved around towards her backside and began massaging her tender butt.

Satia's eyes looked surprised for an instant, but she once again shut her eyes so as to not react as much as possible.

As her soft butt was massaged and kneaded, her anus was exposed and opened.

Satia's cheeks flushed into a deep crimson from the shame, but she kept her eyes shut and kept resisting by not raising her voice.

This new stimulation led the mage's body towards another climax. Reacting strongly to it, she could no longer hold back her heated gasps as a coquettish voice made its way from her lips.

"—A-ah."

Just then, the tentacles suddenly stopped moving.

No, it kept massaging her butt as before, but that alone **was not enough**.

Forcibly grasping the tentacles holding her up with her hands, she prepared to endure the pleasant stimulation.

Satia's almost sore-feeling nipples rubbed against her wetted robe with each and every movement.

The girl's body had only ever known the feeling of her own fingers, so her mind was unable to keep up with the rapid developments.

Therefore, Satia was unable to understand the slime's intentions and didn't notice her body's complaints. She could only give it her all to endure it, then catch her breath.

And then—

“Hiiiiinnn...”

Once again, the tentacles resumed violating her nipples and armpits. By now, her butt had already been reduced to nothing but a plaything.

This time, the slime, which had unhesitatingly ravished Frederica on and on until she knew nothing but sexual pleasure, as though not wanting to break Satia, gently, ever so gently—gentle to the point of being almost too gentle—tenderized her small body.

Then, when the girl became unable to endure the pleasure as her mouth opened and panted, the tentacles' movements stopped yet again.

“W-whyyy...?”

This time, both Satia's body and her will had objected to the slime stopping.

Her usually sleepy-looking eyes were teary, her doll-like expressionless face was dyed in pleasure, and her small hands that had gripped onto the tentacles in order to bear the pleasure were now gripping them of her own volition.

She questioned the slime with her mouth, but the slime didn't provide her any answers. It simply used a new tentacle to roll up her black robe.

“N-no—stoooooop...”

She rejected it with her mouth, but she wasn't moving in attempts to stop it

anymore.

Perhaps it was due to the numbness, or maybe it was due her hoping for further stimulation—at this point, Satia didn't even know anymore.

However, even her refusal was simply for form's sake.

Her robe was rolled up little by little. The first things that could be seen were her dainty, white legs that shined from the sweat and liquids given off by the slime. Next, her white panties were exposed, shining from the lantern's flickering light.

It kept on rolling up her robe, showing her abdomen that had been massaged by the tentacles the whole time, and then—

“N-no... way...”

From its place on the ground, the lantern's light lit up her relatively small chest for her age.

Her chest was covered by the slime's mucus and could be called extremely obscene with how the tentacles were wrapped around its pointed tips.

However, that isn't what caused Satia to raise her voice.

Her nipples.

Whenever she would masturbate, she would always use her fingers to knead them along with playing with herself. Satia's most sensitive place—that was where her gaze was fixed.

The things that had never grown past the point of being as large as specks were now as large as tootsie rolls, lengthened to an elaborate size.

Seeing her own nipples at a size that she couldn't believe even while seeing, she could only stare.

(Eh...? What...?)

“Hyaan!? N-no way!”

Then, as though to show her that they were in fact hers, one of the tentacles pulled her nipple while the other began to knead the other.

She was shown that the pleasure from her own nipples was something that

she couldn't possibly endure and would have to let out her voice.

Her body went into convulsions just from the stimulation of her nipples as a scream leaked from her lips.

"N-no—sto—nooo!"

What was happening to her right now was entirely different from the masturbation she had done so far. Two arms, ten fingers. That was the only existence Satia had given to the 'sex' that she knew until now.

But now, with the tentacles that felt like there were ten of them now, there were ones thin like strings, slippery like tongues, ones more dexterous than fingers, and something she'd only known from her knowledge—ones stout and robust as a penis. These tentacles of various thicknesses pleased Satia.

The more she tried to endure of this truly never-before known stimulation, the more pleasure she was given.

Satia gave up attempting to resist before she'd even realized it: her lips parted, even hotter pants leaked out, and saliva dripped from her mouth that she had carelessly left open.

However, even though she had been driven so close to the brink, the black ooze didn't push Satia all the way into ecstasy. Unlike Frederica, this girl had a thin build. What was most important was that it had to tenderize her—it had to make sure she wouldn't break when she gave birth.

The girl didn't know how long this slime had continued to tease her.

"Satia!!"

At that moment, a moment that could be called the worst possible one, she heard the voice that she had prayed for, the voice she had waited to hear this entire time... except for this single moment.

And so—

"No, no no no, nooooo—Goshujin-sama, don't loook!!"

Raising her voice as though screaming, Satia begged her beloved Goshujin-sama from over her shoulder. This pushed her over the edge—despite the stimulation not being satisfactory enough, she finally reached her climax.

Her hips shook fiercely and her beautiful platinum hair was disheveled. She somehow managed to just barely pin down her voice by biting down on her lips.

However, the young man that had appeared from behind her saw her butt and back, as how obscene she appeared to due her sweat. However, that shame turned into a source of stimulation and excitement for the girl.

“A slime!?”

The same moment that the man that Alfred was exploring the cave with raised his voice, the slime extended its tentacles towards the intruders.

They were tentacles a few sizes larger than the ones being used to restrain Satia.

Avoiding all four of them, the men went towards Satia.

“Kuh!?”

Alfred and the man cut away the tentacles with their swords.

Chopping off the tentacles took a tremendous amount of force—enough for the cut tentacles to spray stuff onto them.

Although Satia had noticed that there was a paralytic poison in the tentacles' mucus, as she had just climaxed, she couldn't call out to them and let them know.

No, in the first place, she was still moving her hips back and forth even now after cumming. Kept in suspense from being teased, the pleasure she felt from finally climaxing was profoundly intense.

Coming into contact with a highly dense paralytic poison, Alfred and the man fell down, collapsing. Immediately after that, the slime coiled a newly created tentacle around the man and pulled him into its body.

Now, there were three people inside of the black ooze's warped body. Alfred bit his lip, wondering if it was his turn next.

... However, unexpectedly, the next attack never came.

“Haah... Haah... Goshujin-sama, run... away...”

“Satia—wait for me!”

Since he couldn't move his body, he immediately began to circulate his mana, forming an arrow of raging fire in front of him.

Taking aim so that he wouldn't hit Satia with his magic arrow, he shot it. A few of the tentacles were burned away, but it negated the arrow with an invisible mana bullet.

“Wha—!?”

“Run, Goshujin-sa—maaa!?”

(Part 6)

The moment Alfred shouted in surprise and Satia called out to Alfred, the tentacles' caress began yet again.

Her master was behind her and couldn't her exposed chest, but Alfred was able to imagine what was happening by the tentacles' movements alone. He knew about sex and it wasn't as though he was without experience in the area.

"Stop it! Son of a bitch!!"

"No, no! —Please, stop! Please!!"

The mage that had been suppressing her voice up till now desperately pleaded with the slime.

Anything was fine. Even if she was killed, even if she were humiliated, even if she were eaten, anything was fine. Just... don't touch her in front of her Goshujin-sama. That was her only wish.

"Ple—please! St—p, ah...! G-Goshujin-sama, don—!?"

While sucking on her greatly enlarged nipple, one of the other tentacles that was massaging her bottom began stimulating her insides.

Even her speech was cut off by the new sensations, her body going into pleasure-driven convulsions. Normally, stimulation to the anus without prior work would require a long time to relax the area, but the paralytic poison somewhat forcibly influenced her to not hold much of a defense against it.

Satia's cries for help echoed through the mine, but the slime's actions did not cease.

"Th—ere!? No... nooo!!"

Even though she was a slave, this wasn't something that Satia knew about. For her to feel sexual stimulation from such an unclean hole, something that wasn't her vagina, and even still in front of her beloved man.

She refused, denied, and screamed. Even so, the slime ignored each and every word she said and continued on exploiting Satia, taking no notice of her

struggles.

“Stop it—Satia!”

Above everything, the thing that did the most damage to her was Alfred’s voice.

She yearned for him. She desired him. Even if she knew that it would be forever unrequited, she still wanted to stay by his side.

She was being violated right in front of someone she loved, her partner wasn’t even a human. It was humanity’s natural enemy, a monster that should be defeated, destroyed even.

“Uwah—s-stop... it...”

To begin with, neither of even them knew why the slime was doing this. Was it angry at being disturbed?

Either way, Satia’s slender doll-like limbs went into violent convulsions over and over due to the tempestuous stimulation as she climaxed. Her hips shook violently and a fluid seeped its way out of her panties despite her labia still not being touched even now.

“Shit, shit! Oi, Satia, wait for me—I’m coming...”

Although Alfred was trying to force his numbed body into standing, he was unable to stand even while using his sword as a cane.

Just then, the black ooze stopped moving for a moment. It was because Alfred moved. Alfred was also a mage. He could use magic. That’s why the slime took a precaution and used a density of paralytic poison that should have made it that he wouldn’t be able to move.

The slime wondered about it for a moment, but judged that he wasn’t a threat right now.

Continuing as-is, it decided to send a new tentacle towards a particular place it had been preparing.

The destination of the pinky-sized feeler—the white panties soaked in secretions.

“Plea... enough, stop...”

Large tears spilled from Satia’s eyes and sobs began to come from her mouth.

Even just being caressed by the slime was her limit, but now she had been seen in this state by her beloved person and soon it would take her chastity.

Something like that would be hard to bear for anyone. But even so, her spirit hadn’t broken. Her beloved was behind her.

Satia, knowing that Alfred was near her, believed that he might be able to save her if she could just buy them time.

Hazy due to her climax with her thinking clouded by lust, she was able to understand that much.

—But even so, she couldn’t help feeling the fear and despair of her chastity being taken.

“Hiii!!”

The new tentacle pushed inside her panties.

Making its way past her sparse pubic hair, it found its destination and—

“Hyaan!?”

The tentacle latched onto Satia’s most secret spot, an area even she herself hesitated to touch when masturbating.

Her clitoris.

Her eyes that had been clouded by despair opened wide as her body reacted by itself from the thundering stimulation coursing through her.

Being guided by the tentacles, her waist pushed forward. The girl’s previously limp and open hands ignored her will and started to grip the tentacles to try and endure the pleasure.

Even with that, it wasn’t enough. Forced into another climax, she was attacked by a sensation so strong that her vision went dark.

Her eyes were opened wide, but she couldn’t see at all. She was having trouble breathing and it felt like her heart was about to explode from its rapid thrumming.

“Satia! Satia!!”

“Do—don’t... —n’t look!!”

She was going to die. Not as a metaphor, she was really going to be killed by the pleasure.

As soon as that thought surfaced in her mind, the girl came again.

And then...

“Hiin!? Ah, hyaaah!?”

The hood to her clitoris, Satia’s final fortress, was quickly demolished and her incredibly sensitive pearl of flesh made its appearance.

This pearl had yet to be defiled by anyone. Even while being covered with the black ooze’s licentious liquid, it looked beautiful. It wasn’t even the size of a pinky toe, but it was by far the mage’s greatest weak spot. The tentacles simply grazing over it caused waves of pleasure to resound throughout Satia’s body.

“—!? —-!!”

Unable to even use her voice, the pleasure so intense that it was more akin to pain caused her to tear up and do nothing but tremble.

The tentacles continued massaging her nipples and clitoris at the same time, ushering on her climaxing body to tremble even more greatly. In the small amount of time it had been since Alfred arrived, this vicious cycle completely turned Satia’s body into that of a woman.

Even before her panties were removed, even though nothing had been put in there at all, even though she was a virgin... a tentacle placed itself against her ever so slightly open vagina.

Dripping secretions, it was an obscene hole that lured in men despite having never known a man. Satia, who’d been stupefied by the pleasure, weakly shook her head to show her unwillingness.

“—nwooo...”

Her voice was extremely weak. It could be understood just how exhausted she was by her voice alone.

It wasn't like it would grant her her wish either way though... The slime exposed that obscene hole to the human man.

Dexterously manipulating its tentacles, it moved the still-hanging Satia.

"Eh...?"

Neither Satia nor Alfred could understand its intentions.

Alfred could now see... something... Satia's obscene blossoming. Glittering from the lantern's light, a licentious liquid spilled from her vagina, and it wasn't the slime's mucus.



“Nooo... Goshjin-shama, pwease, don’ wook...”

“Kuh—!”

Her tongue numbed from the paralytic poison’s effects and her repeated climaxing, she couldn’t even use her small voice properly.

However, the doll-like Satia was, as was appropriate for her age, embarrassed and Alfred quickly averted his gaze. Even so, the image of that lewd liquid dripping from her remained in his mind.

Even he was a man and it had been building up over the course of their journey, so his lower half reacted even in this emergency.

Above all, he knew Satia well; she was someone with a doll-like countenance and didn’t often show her emotions. He saw someone like that climax over and over with her face dyed both in pleasure and embarrassment.

No man wouldn’t react to a sight like that.

“S-stop it—!”

A tentacle moved, flipping Alfred onto his back.

He tried to struggle so that she wouldn’t see his reaction, but his body wouldn’t move properly at all after being affected by the poison.

“Ah, uuu...”

“S-Satia, this is...”

However, that part between his thighs had already swollen and was visible through his thick trousers.

Satia only knew about it second-hand, but she knew what that meant and her heart throbbed from something other than the pleasure.

“Goshu... jin... shama...”

“Kuh—”

Her lust-clouded eyes blurred from another emotion.

Meanwhile, the slime skillfully took off the man’s—Alfred’s trousers, exposing his penis. This movement felt mechanical, lacking any feeling whatsoever, but that didn’t matter to Satia.

“Big... looks, painful...”

Gulp.

Satia swallowed back her saliva.

Her body and mind were wholeheartedly desiring her beloved man.

She thought that her chastity might be snatched away by the monster’s tentacles, but perhaps—

While the maiden-like thoughts flashed through Satia’s mind, her body was carried over above the man. Her petite body was wet from the slime’s liquid and her perspiration from being played with for so long.

However, that hole that hadn’t been violated by anyone grew ever closer towards her beloved’s... her beloved’s thing that she eagerly awaited.

They touched.

“Alfred... sama, will... it hurt?”

“Satia, sorry...”

Was that apology for being unable to protect her?

Was it for what was about to happen next?

Either way, Satia didn’t mind. She shook her head.

“If it’s Goshujin-sama...”

His ‘head’ plunged into her.

Satia’s holy ground, not yet trespassed by anyone, was small. It wasn’t yet developed enough to swallow the youth’s entirety.

Even though she had loosened up from being forced into climaxing so many times, she and Alfred had greatly different builds.

Ignoring all that, her vagina was pressed on by gravity to forcibly accept the man’s penis all the way to its base.

Alfred felt like he broke through a certain resistance as Satia felt a firm, intense heat plunge into her vagina.

He wasn’t able to endure that supreme pressure and lascivious wetness after

accumulating for several days.

He ejaculated deep inside Satia before he even had a chance to begin hardening his will. Satia climaxed as well, and even though she'd loosened up from doing so countless times, tears spilled onto the man's face from the pain.

However, her tears weren't only due to the pain. Even though it happened like this, she was able to engrave a joy that she'd always thought she'd never be able to have into her body.

The pain from losing her virginity and the warm semen gushing into her satisfied her heart.

Satia's vagina was small, so the hot liquid made its way all the way into her womb, fulfilling not just her carnal desires, but her soul as well.

"A-aah... s-so much..."

Happiness bloomed in her chest. Because she knew that this was it, this miracle was—

"Aahn."

The next instant, the tentacles moved her away from the youth.

"... Eh?"

Then, the slime took a tentacle even thinner than the man's thing, the thing she just held inside her, and shoved it inside.

Her mind, filled with happiness just a moment before, froze.

"No..."

She panicked, struggling to break free.

This time, into that area that held her Goshujin-sama's, her beloved's, her Alfred-sama's future children—that hateful monster... went inside it.

"Nooo!! No, no!! Please, stop! That's Alfred-sama's—!!"

Even so, the tentacle kept drilling further inside as though to cork it and didn't move afterwards.

—However, even without moving, there was something it could do.

“Absorbing!? No, what!? What are you!? Don’t, don’t absorb it!!”

Satia’s fluids, as well as...

“That’s—Alfred-sama’s!? Mine and Alfred-sama’s!!”

It was absorbing the man’s semen.

The black ooze was a **mutant** that changed things it absorbed into its own abilities. This was something the slime understood.

Because it understood that, it knew that it needed a young and strong **male**.

Satia’s desires had nothing to do with anything. Satia and the man’s relationship was entirely irrelevant.

Therefore, the slime had gotten what it wanted: semen. Preparing a highly concentrated dosage of paralytic poison, it extended a tentacle towards the unmoving man.

This time, to get the knowledge of magic from this man. Right before Satia’s eyes, Alfred’s head was covered in a viscous liquid. No matter who, any human would need to breathe in order to live.

However, his mouth and nose... his entire head was covered. He couldn’t do something like ‘breathe’. His body was under the effect of the paralytic poison, but it convulsed in death throes.

As for Satia—even while being lifted into the air by tentacles, even while her vagina was being penetrated by a tentacle, even while her entire body was being caressed... she was shown this.

“No, stop, stooooop—-NOOOOOOOOO!!”

The doll’s shriek echoed through the mine.

However... something like that was of no concern to the black ooze.

Chapter 3: The Adventurers Who Fell

(Part 1)

A loud voice, almost as though to drown out the poltergeists' moaning, echoed through the depths. However, even despite being at the top of her lungs, that overly coquettish voice didn't make it all the way to the entrance from the mine's innermost depths before fading away into the darkness.

Far within those depths, was a place where the ceiling had collapsed, allowing a shaft of sunlight to beam down on the hair of a blonde girl. Her hair's color had grown somewhat dull from dust after not bathing for a long time, but even with the stains and impurities, it still shined.

Both of her hands bound to the rock wall and her hair stuck against her skin due to sweat, the girl let out a seductive voice as she stuck out her well-shaped bottom—this girl was Frederica.

Behind her, contrasting the world's glimmering light with its murky and corrupted black slime, was the Black Ooze.

Pushing its tentacle into the standing girl, it continued ravaging her as though to lift her into the air from below.

“Hiin!—T-theeeere, so goood—!!”

Despite being pushed up so far that her heels no longer touched the ground, there wasn't so much as a hint of pain in her provocative moans.

On the contrary, it was that intense and yet she continued to thrust her hips.

Her rear was sent into spasms and she had to brace her legs despite being unable to put any strength into them. Even so, she continued frantically shaking her hips. Frederica's well endowed breasts shook up and down. Even though they weren't being massaged by the tentacles, she felt pleasure from the swaying motion alone.

“Fu-ah—aaahn!? A, ma, zi—!!”

The slime knew that she had reached her climax, but its tentacle continued to violate Frederica without lessening its intensity.

Plunging into her vagina and poking against the opening to her womb, it suddenly began to stimulate the area around its entrance. Frederica wasn't able to endure the pleasure and started to collapse, but the tentacle didn't allow her to.

With a tentacle drilling into her vagina playing the role of a pole, all of that force inevitably pushed against her insides, concentrated at the entrance to her womb, each painful impact assaulting it.

“St... st-sto...”

Only her mouth. She pleaded for rest while shedding tears and drool, yet her hips still hadn't ceased their thrusting.

Desperately trying to hold her body up with her own legs—legs shaking from her climax's intense aftershocks—she continued to shake her hips in complete disregard for the words coming from her mouth.

By this point, she didn't have those disgusted feelings she'd had her first time being violated by it.

By intentionally denying it with her mouth, she felt a masochistic pleasure.

“Agaain—aaaun~!? Diiick!!”

Each time she came, the time it took for her next climax shortened.

Her breathing was shallow, quick, and heated. She'd long done away with thoughts like holding back her panting.

Even while raising her voice to the point her throat almost gave out, she continued to thrust her hips.

Her hair was disheveled and her breasts shook up and down fervently and she used all the strength she had to grip the surface of the rock wall with her hands. Enduring her relentless climaxes even while her body was exhausted, her waist quaked from being unable to withstand the violent assault on her womb.

It wasn't that long and intense climaxes broke Frederica, no, it was the quick, incessant ones that forever ravished her. Her vaginal spasms clamped down on

the slime's tentacle, but as the tentacle wasn't something that needed to be a fixed size and was covered with viscous liquid, it rubbed against her weak spots.

"C-cummi—st... stahp...!"

She pleaded it desperately. Over and over, she'd begged the abominable monster to stop.

It didn't.

Treated as an object by the slime and ravished like a tool, the woman took no notice of herself and indulged in how ludicrously good the sex felt to her.

Her thoughts were clouded by the pleasure, drenched in it. She had turned into a plaything that thought of nothing but pleasure. The proud, willful mage had long since broken. Now that she'd tasted what it was to have sex with a monster and be loved by its tentacles, a human wouldn't be enough for her anymore.

At this point, she was little more than a beast. A beast that walked on two legs and pretended to be a human.

A person that humped a vulgar monster like a slime on their own was enough of a beast for anyone to see it as such.

Even so, for Frederica, that was fine.

As long as this slime gave her this pleasure that she would absolutely never have the chance to savour from a human man, she would give her body to it.

She had stumbled upon supreme satisfaction.

"There, deeper—theeeeeere!!"

A mere two weeks passing since the first time she was first raped, the woman, having grown addicted to the pleasure, continued thrusting her hips.

Telling the slime her weak points herself, guiding it with her thrusts—

"Hyaahn!?"

Letting out a hysteric sound, her back arched and stiffened.

She had relished the feeling of her womb being pounded against the entire

time.

However, just now was different. She opened her eyes wide, thrust her tongue out of her mouth and dug her nails into the rock face.

Yet with all that, her body, something that had been repeatedly softened from the absolute pleasure, was unable to endure this sensation of a foreign substance entering this deep into her for the first time and froze up.

“Wh—t... what—-”

The tentacle had turned into a liquid state and poured into her womb before once again turning back into a tentacle, licking against the inside of her womb.

Her body was surprised from this sort of sexual stimulation it had never felt before. Before pleasure, fear invaded her mind.

“There, nooo... that place is, sto—hiiin!?”

The tentacle that had moved into her womb resumed moving in and out as it had been doing up till now.

But this was a totally different sensation than it had been so far. The opening to her womb clamped down against the tentacles regardless of what she herself wanted to say about it. That feeling caused Frederica’s mind to once again be driven into a corner.

“Hiin!? Hahn, ah—hahiiin!!”

Screaming much like a dog, Frederica was toyed with. She had grown accustomed to being subjected to the slime’s tormenting sex and somehow even enjoyed it. She enjoyed being at the mercy of the tentacles’ force.

What was worse was that her knees weren’t able to endure this torture, giving out and pushing the tentacle even farther inside.

Her wide-open eyes shook, and despite being opened so wide, she couldn’t see anything. Although her mind was cleared from the pain, her eagerly moving waist didn’t listen to her.

Both hands gripping onto the wall for dear life and trembling legs opened to shoulder width—

“Wai—, please waaaaaait!!”

However, not paying any mind to Frederica’s circumstances, its tentacles didn’t stop tormenting her womb.

“Stop wiggling! Don’t puuuush!! Strong, it’s so strooooong!!”

Tasting the wall, her deepest interior was thrust into by its hard, hot tentacle.

Not used to the feeling, She tried enduring the violent sensation that was half a step into being pain while screaming.

Her overflowing tears didn’t end, her drool spilling onto and smearing over her breasts. However, she didn’t have the luxury of having a chance to worry about things like that as she tried to stay upright on her own two feet.

Slipping around on the slime’s mucus, she trembled like a newborn beast.

“No—nnn!?”

She was sore, hurting, and in pain.

However—

“—n’t, ta... can’t take, it...”

Obscene juices pouring from her vagina, she shook her bottom as though to ask for more stimulation.

It’s unknown whether her body was begging for more stimulation or whether she begging for the pain to lessen.

Still... the slime didn’t care about Frederica, it simply continued to torment her womb.

Pushing, squishing, spreading her womb, making it softer. It was altering the woman’s most important place. So that even this would be pleasurable, it would slowly and deliberately continue. Even if she cried, screamed, fainted, or slept... even if she pleaded and begged to be spared.

By this monster, mankind’s enemy... by this existence that wasn’t even a human man... by this lovely thing that broke her...

She’d engraved that she wouldn’t be able to live without this slime anymore into her soul.

The Black Ooze would simply continue to ravish Frederica forever.

“Ah.... hiu...”

She'd felt despair countless times. Relaxing her gripping hands, she tried to fall.

It caused her womb to be stretched further, but Frederica was powerless against to stop it.

She couldn't bear it. The woman was forced to understand that she couldn't possibly endure such an inhuman torture. That fact was carved in the woman named Frederica's heart, in her very soul.

Even that despair turned into pleasure as the falling Frederica's waist was propped up by tentacles so that she wouldn't fall.

“Plea... please...”

Frederica knew that it wouldn't spare her from mere words.

This time, she was placed on all fours.

Positioned like an animal, her womb that was even now being kneaded from within grew hot.

She recalled the first time she was violated by it.

Her freedom had been taken from her by the paralytic poison and it kept bringing her to her climax just by her prided chest. It kept making her cum even if she pleaded.

Not caring about what she felt, it simply continued violating, violating, and violating.

It kept going even when Frederica reached her limit, raping her nonstop and causing her to wake from cumming.

“Hiiii...”

Resembling a scream, it was her anticipation.

Frederica's consciousness was fading, but even like that, she knew deep down that she would still be raped.

And that this time, a woman's most important place, the sacred area that nurtures babies, would be the thing being violated. Like the first time and like everything up till this point, until the slime was satisfied, it would happen over and over. Disregarding her feelings, even if she climaxed, even if she fainted... even if she broke, it wouldn't let her go.

"Afu... nn..."

Her waist, propped up by the tentacle inside her, went into many small spasms. Frederica was exciting herself simply through her own wild imagination.

In that way, while twitching, while in pain, she weakly shook her hips. It was weak, but as her rocking exposed even her anus, it was a salacious invitation.

"Stooooop... already..."

Tears, sweat, saliva, a running noze... every sort of body fluid dripped onto the Black Ooze's liquids. New tentacles rose up and wrapped around her dangling breasts.

Squeezing while massaging them, the tentacles rubbed her hardened nipples.

(Those are... nipples are... nooooo...)

In stark contrast to her thoughts, Frederica's expression was clouded by lust.

Her lips curved into a smile and her previously wide-open eyes shut, wettened by tears.

Pain accompanied her humiliation, but Frederica, who wound up desiring it herself, held no more doubts.

"That's—that's the place for a babyyyy—"

In other words, the woman begged it.

—So please, rape me.

(Part 2)

After what had happened, it was clear that the pleasure was enough to cause her mind to crumble.

Satia was lying in a bed of mucus at a spot a small distance away from Frederica, who was being raped with a voice strong enough to make one wonder whether it was trying to break her body along with her mind.

She received the exact opposite. She was refined with gentle... ever so gentle caresses.

Without anything to cover her body as she lied on her back, her erect nipples that had already grown into the size of tootsie rolls were smeared with mucus, reflecting the small amount of sunlight that shone into the cave.

Her budding breasts were groped in a manner such that it wouldn't be painful, gradually turning into a sexual stimulation.

Neither of her hands were restrained as she endured the gentle stimulation by clutching her mucus bedding.

“Hooo... hoo...”

Drool spilling from her tightly closed mouth, Satia's heavy nasal breathing told the slime that its activities were causing her to pant.

Her smooth stomach rose and fell relentlessly, her thin waist moving left and right.

Despite moving her bottom against the mucus bedding, the sensation was so light that she couldn't stimulate herself further from it.

Though even so, Satia's body that could be called unsuited for her age had wound up begging for more extreme excitement in any way possible.

“Goshujin-samaaa... I am, Satia is—”

After the girl's virginity was given to Alfred, when her beloved had had his sperm stolen away by the slime, Satia's mind broke completely.

Recognizing the slime that had eaten and digested her beloved as her dear

Goshujin-sama, what she saw wasn't a black ooze, but Alfred.

To her, the slime's tentacles appeared as Alfred's hand, finger, or even his penis. Her whole body was licked by the mucus, his tongue. Her whole body was caressed by an infinite number of his hands. She mistook the gentle caresses that took her frail body into consideration for Alfred's loving touch.

Like this—Satia's body had avoided the matter of his death. No, it might not be wrong to say that the black ooze was Alfred.

Alfred's experiences and knowledge truly were alive inside the black ooze. It also knew what kind of mage Satia was, as well as what the man had felt towards her.

The reason behind being so gentle towards her likely wasn't the slime's intention... so much as Alfred's.

However, it hadn't intended to treat this mage too intensely even if that weren't the case. Her body was small and was correspondingly fragile.

She would be treated as Frederica was after growing up some more.

"Mmm! ... Hah, unnn..."

Quite like a massage, it continued rubbing her small breasts, her soft belly, her tender arms, and her thin legs.

Sliding around due to the mucus, she glided back and forth on the slime bed. Her silvery hair that had been put up into a pony tail on the left side of her head clung to her cheeks and was nibbled by her lips.

Reminiscent of a doll, her beautiful face had its eyes closed tightly as though to withstand something. Despite her heartrending expression appearing as though she was begging for pleasure, the black ooze simply continued on with massaging her without feeling anything in the least.

The tentacles massaging her arms moved to her armpits, the ones massaging her calves to her thighs. The tentacles rubbing her breasts moved as though to be affectionate, the ones stroking her stomach moved as though to poke at her tiny navel.

"... Kuun."

The stimulation had gotten a little stronger, but it was still absolutely not enough to bring her to climaxing.

But to do it with her own fingers... that was too shameful for the girl. Her white cheeks blushed a bright red, the girl kept her eyes closed as though to show some resistance to her maliciously playful Goshujin-sama.

Her mind lacking information from her eyes, she could hear the sound of the slime's mucus rubbing over her and feel the tentacles' soft caress quite clearly.

Moreover, Frederica's fervently coquettish voice as she was being violated ever more intensely reached Satia's ears.

She was envious of her.

"H-hooonnn—unnn..."

(Maybe...)

She tried to close her mouth that had somehow or another made its way open, but she couldn't find the energy to.

When she bit her left hand's finger, the saliva that had accumulated in her mouth ended up drizzling out. With a painful looking expression, like she was enduring something, her breathing roughened.

She wasn't sure of what she ought to do with her right hand, so she moved it back and forth in the area between her crotch and the mucus bedding.

"Hah... Nn, uu."

She bit her finger strongly enough to leave marks behind on it. Not to the point of feeling pain, but it was just enough stimulation to clear her thoughts a little.

Her small body was being massaged gently, being softened. To Satia, the gentle pleasure felt like she was melting. After biting her finger so hard with her teeth, she'd lost all her strength.

"Goshujin-sama, Goshujin-sama..."

Calling out his name over and over, she continued swallowing back the ever-accumulating saliva in her mouth. Her limbs slowly memorized the sexual

stimulation despite the warm, viscous liquid covering her.

Her legs both trembling countless times, she placed a tentacle farther towards her inner thigh in want for a more forceful stimulation.

“Hah, s-sorry—!”

One of the tentacles among those taking care of her thighs continued upwards.

Despite the girl being a virgin until just a few days before, despite not even being touched yet, that area was twitching all on its own.

Anticipating the oncoming stimulation, Satia bit down her finger yet again. Pleasure unobtainable with her fingers, the tentacles had brought her body to climaxing a vast number of times within the mine’s darkness. While sandwiched between her inner thighs, it touched her vagina.

“—Hyaan!?”

The stimulation strong enough to cause her eyes to open, her tiny body splashed in the mucus.

Her genitals were being stimulated even while it was sandwiched by her thighs. The slow yet steady sexual thrill caused her impatient body to react.

Not listening to her, her waist moved forwards and back, her shoulders quivering each time. She bit down on her finger hard enough to feel pain. Her right hand gripped onto the tentacle that was moving up and down along her crotch, rather than the bedding.

It looked entirely like a cock, but she didn’t realize that due to her eyes being closed once again.

Matching the rhythm of Satia’s waist, it moved forward and back, causing her to get drunk from the pleasure.

“Huuu... huu...”

Her breathing was deep and rough as she endured the sexual bliss.

Unlike Frederica, her body that had still not cummed was broiling in a licentious heat, reddening her whole body.

“Good... so... good...”

Causing ever more obscene sounds to echo through the cave, the girl moved her waist as though to invite the tentacle inside.

However, even so, she wasn't given a stimulation strong enough to bring her to a climax. Even with Satia in a state such as this, the slime would continue to gently loosen her up so that her body wouldn't be ruined.

She felt frustrated and impatient, but asking for it herself was just too embarrassing.

Despite her body being small, her obscene actions of requesting further stimulation gave the feeling that she had fallen from grace.

Not reaching a climax, Satia, the doll-like mage, was becoming more and more impatient.

Neither her nipples nor her clitoris has been touched, yet her body was excited. The mage, only knowing the caress of her own fingers and the violent tentacles, she pressed back against the tentacle with her vagina, unable to stand the building heat.

“Aah, goood—!”

Although she herself had only intended to press against it a little, she ended up letting out a lewd voice from the stimulation being stronger than she expected.

Her waist trembling, Satia's spine arched backwards. Even so, it wasn't enough. It still wasn't enough to bring her to climaxing.

After feeling such a strong thrill, her next action was quick.

Her body still curved into an arch, she pushed out her crotch so that the tentacle would press against it even more strongly.

She did it even more forcibly than before, but—

“Ah... wh... y?”

This time, the tentacles stopped moving.

The mucus made sounds as her hips moved back and forth across it, but the

girl's crude movements left her unsatisfied.

However, the tentacles still wouldn't move. Was it angry from Satia moving on her own accord? Or was it intending for this from the start? Either way, it didn't move.

Satia's cheeks were blushing from the embarrassment. Even though it was so embarrassing—

“P-please don't tease me... Goshujin-sama.”

Casting her eyes down in embarrassment, she ended up caving and begging for it.

That alone was enough to cause the tentacles to resume, but Satia had to hide her face with both of her hands due to the shame.

“H-ah—good, it feels so good, Goshujin-samaaa!”

The tentacle's momentum increasing as it moved back and forth, it stimulated not only her vagina but her clitoris, still protected by her hood, as well.

Finally receiving her eagerly anticipated stimulation, her shame was instantly blown away as she let out moans filled with pleasure.

She pushed her waist out farther to obtain an even greater pleasure.

Her clitoris being her greatest weak point, Satia had already succumb to the pleasure and was gifted with more than enough of it.

“Uuun—there, there!”

(Part 3)

The mouth that had once desperately attempt to hold in her moans now told the slime how she felt all on its own.

She moved her waist back and forth, pushing her clitoris against the tentacle.

A budding excitement formed in her depths as her front-to-back motions and clit-pressing motion overlapped. Satia's mouth unknowingly slacked open.

Her right hand gripped onto the tentacle that slid along her vagina, moving as though to give it a crude hand job.

Relying on her knowledge, she used her slender, doll-like fingers to grasp the soft, adult male member-sized tentacle and move up and down along it.

The tentacle likely had no sense of feeling, but Satia, unaware of that, kept repeating the motion.

Continuing with that for a while, the girl's feeling of pleasure heightened as though she were masturbating with the tentacle.

Suddenly, a moan much like a scream reached Satia's ears. It was Frederica.

She'd heard her the whole time, but she hadn't paid her any attention due to losing herself in ecstasy, however— "Ah..."

When she looked towards the direction of the girl's voice, she saw a girl on all fours being drilled mercilessly from behind.

Satia didn't know her name. This girl might even be the one named Frederica, the one she came to find.

However, she didn't care about things like names anymore.

(Wow...)

She was being taken from behind so forcefully. Her starkly massive breasts were kneaded in a way that Satia's could never be. Her tongue hung out of her mouth as she continued to gasp for air.

She couldn't help but be envious of the woman. She was being **used** even

more forcibly than prostitutes could handle.

Seeing her desire to be taken harder, practically to the point of breaking... the budding flame in her roared into excitement, her womb throbbing.

If she begged to be taken as forcibly as her, what would happen?

Nipples and clit worked hard, vagina penetrated all the way into her womb—Imagining that...

“A-ahhh—”

Her genitals and clit being handled, she reached a small, inadequate climax.

Her thrusting motions finally sending her into what she had been wishing for, yet it simply wasn't enough.

More, she wanted more—

“Aah...”

It wasn't taking Satia's desires into account, but it did spread the girl's thin legs open.

Her legs, wet from both her own sweat and the slime's mucus, were plenty obscene.

However, farther in—her insides. Glimmering wet, there was a place fully prepared to welcome a certain thing, trembling as though to usher it in.

Remembering the way Frederica was being treated, she wholly anticipated what was about to happen.

Spreading her legs and holding her in a position much like one might do when training a child on how to go to the bathroom, it suddenly appeared as though it wanted a better view of the process and hoisted her body into the air.

“... Ah.”

The girl was always expressionless like a doll in Alfred's memories, but right now, her face lit up in anticipation.

What was about to be done to her?

Raped, penetrated, handled roughly—impregnated.

She forced her eyes closed to withstand the pleasure, her excited expression already vanishing. Continuing on, the slime slowly began to loosen the entrance to her womb while stimulating her vagina.

“Hiii—nnn... so goo—...”

Her tiny body couldn't hold up against the pleasure.

Her doll-like limbs trembled from the acute pleasure, her hips springing forward.

Those movements caused her vagina to be stimulated that much more strongly, giving her an even stronger stimulation.

Her whole body started trembling, those very trembles turning into a stimulation all their own.

“G-good—gooooood!”

Her quiet voice gradually increasing, her whole body convulsed. It happened once, twice, but even so, it wasn't enough.

Over and over did her hips lunge forward, her tentacle-laden vagina's juices dripping in anticipation. Even with that, the tentacle didn't stop teasing her entrance.

Once the Black Ooze had decided to have Satia cum over and over, there was no stopping it. Things like alternatives or choices didn't exist.

“Ama—amazing—nn, noo—”

She grabbed onto the tentacle that continued tormenting her vagina, but that wasn't enough to have it stop.

To start with, that tentacle was only using its tip to stimulate her. Still holding on to the tentacle, she came once again.

Her waist trembled as love juices started coming from her uterus.

—Even so, the tentacles didn't stop.

It continued teasing her, tormenting her tightly shut opening, loosening it.

Even so, the tentacles didn't stop.

Her waist trembled, her juices spilled.

Even so.

The strength in her hands grabbing on to the tentacles weakened as her lovely face warped in lust.

Even so—

“Th-at’s... for babies, don’t tease iiiit.”

She knew that teasing that place would definitely give her amazing stimulation.

Her sacred place teased, her shameful juices continued to overflow as she started drooling.

Unable to endure the pleasure, she came over and over.

And then—

“Haah, haah—ehhhh?”

At last, a narrow tentacle barely the size of a pinky made its way through the entrance of her opening womb.

Inside was a place that no one had ever been before—not even Alfred.

The tentacle penetrated her.

Curling her body forward, Satia attempted to withstand the surging waves of pleasure that coursed through her body with everything she had.

Even though she put up so much effort, her mouth opened up and started panting. Her tongue sluggishly found its way out of her mouth, dripping saliva onto breasts.

Her eyes clouded over in lust, she couldn’t even particularly understand what she saw anymore—yet despite that, her expression was relaxed, looking almost... happy.

“A-amaziiiing!?—I-I didn’t know, it went so faaaar!?”

“Hah, nnn—wha.... what, w-weeeeird... nnuuu!”

Two voices gasping for air could be heard in the cave.

They were from Frederica and Satia.

The obscene sounds coming from those two mages echoed throughout the cave, even drowning out the Poltergeists' moaning.

It was impossible for them to hold up against the ludicrous pleasure of having their wombs ravished.

Their greatest depths violated, the two climaxed countless times.

Even so, their bodies kept trembling, unable to rest.

All that could be seen was the sight of two humans being raped by a monster. They no longer held something so human-like as dignity or pride.

They no longer uttered words of refusal or anything of the sort. They merely let out their voice as they were raped and moved their bodies as they were prodded.

Frederica—who had experienced pain from the feeling of having her womb penetrated just some time before—had developed to the point that she could get off from the pleasant stimulation of having her womb ravished.

Satia—who had felt shame in having sex with her **Goshujin-sama**—let out all sorts of moans as she was teased, continuing to climax.

“T-there—ahhh... noo~”

“Goshujin-sama, Goshujin-samaaa...”

The women's bodies shook yet again.

Despite climaxing, the tentacles' torment never ceased.

Never stopping this whole time, it likely never would.

As far as the slime was concerned, these two were, in the end... nothing but surrogate mothers for monsters.

“It came out!? W-what!? Eh, wh—aaaaahn!?”

“F-fuahhh—it's out, Alfred-samaaaa's...”

Satia's whisper was drowned out by Frederica's shout.

But even so, that shout immediately turned back into a coquettish

exclamation.

Now that the Demon King was defeated, the number of monsters could not increase.

Therefore, monsters were being systematically eradicated.

However—what would happen if a slime with the ability to produce children appeared?

The end of the world.

The world still hadn't realized that—laying in wait in the farthest depths of a certain cave—a monster had been born.

Chapter 4: The Knight Order's Dispatch

(Part 1)

With heavy footsteps, a lone man walked down the corridor.

Although he himself likely intended to hurry, his progress was slow. With a distinctly rotund belly and a chin so large that it made it rather hard to see his neck, even his height was lacking for an adult male.

All of the aristocracy felt that it was good to eat proper meals every day, but anyone could see that this man had eaten more than his share.

Druid Dean, the Minister of Finance for the castle, was a person who carried much on his person. Not just his excess flesh, either. Oh, no. He was a person hiding many dark secrets.

However, there was no evidence for it nor did he lack in money. Working his way up through the castle's ranks and into a position of import, he spent his days in decadence as he left his work to his subordinates and lusted after any beautiful woman that caught his eye. The person this man had his eyes on was an existence quite the opposite of himself.

"Fiana-dono!"

Druid called out to the woman with enough force for spittle to be expelled from his mouth.

As though noticing the man's existence for the first time, the woman named Fiana slowly turned around. She had, in truth, noticed him since before that, but the woman didn't not think well of Druid and pretended as though she hadn't realized he was there until that moment.

She had snow white hair and red eyes. Her waist-length hair spilled over her breasts from over her left shoulder. Her hair and eyes extolling a calm demeanor, the woman's natural aura felt gentle.

She wasn't too tall, not much different from Druid's own height.

Well, Druid slightly won out in that regard, but for this man who called out to the woman so readily, it may well have been the only thing he won in.

What stood out the most about this girl were her two pointed ears that parted her white hair. Seeing the characteristic elf ears, Druid smiled. However, even though he had only walked a short distance, his face was covered with a thin layer of sweat that shined in the corridor's light.

"I pray you are in good health today as well, Fiana-dono."

"The same to you... Druid-dono."

Both bowed their heads as a token greeting, but Druid's gaze was not on Fiana. It was on her body.

Although Fiana was a knight, she was not wearing her knight armor this day. As it was so early in the morning, she thought to go and offer her prayers to Goddess Euswara in the temple.

It wasn't as though she was a pious believer in the goddess, but she didn't see a need to break her life-long habit of daily prayer.

Contrasting her relatively short height, her breasts propped up her white blouse generously. With an abundance so great that they shook just from walking despite being protected by underwear, these breasts that so many women envied were the one part Fiana disliked about herself.

Elves were a race that weren't so well-padded, yet almost as though to spite that idea, her chest had ripened rather richly. They obstructed her both when she swung her sword and when she trained. They were large enough that she found them to be hindrances during fights.

With just the bottom half of her outfit resembling clergy vestments, a long skirt that had a slit up the side, the visible black knee-socks held up by her garter belt were captivating.

Her very un-elf-like sensual body and calm expression would attract even the eyes of a reluctant man. She herself didn't want something like that to happen, though.

In defiance of her plentiful breasts and well-shaped bottom, her waist was

thin due to her training as a knight. Although her calm demeanor and body gave the feeling of being motherly, her short height gave the feeling of being charming.

Druid's gaze as he looked at her disproportional chest seemed like he wished to lick them.

(... Mou, so gross...)

She wished that she could hide her breasts with her arm, but she wasn't able to as the man outranked her in authority.

Finishing the greeting and standing upright, her expression looked just slightly uncomfortable.

"So, Druid-dono, is there anything you needed to talk with me about on a morning like this?"

"Ooh, there is. It was just that Fiana-dono's beauty was so great, I forgot what I wanted to talk about."

"Fufu, you flatter me."

Fiana responded to Druid's pigheaded compliment, hoping all the while that this would end as quickly as possible.

Quite a number of aristocrats who were knights or in another positions of some import passed by them, but none of them would interfere with Druid.

Everyone knew very well what would happen if they started being a nuisance to Druid.

"Excuse me... I'm sorry, but it's almost time for prayer—do you have anything you need to tell me?"

"Hoh, it's already time for that? Time truly does fly when you are accompanying a beautiful woman."

"Thank you... for the compliment."

Taking Fiana's troubled smile as embarrassment, Druid smiled.

"Fiana-dono, I do not know if you have been left with a task already, but do you have time?"

“Y—yeah, it’s not that I don’t have a task that needs to be done soon, but...”

“You’ll be moving around in the training grounds or doing your filing work for a while then, am I correct?”

“You are...”

She didn’t know why the Minister of Finance would know what her tasks were, but it caused her skin to crawl just thinking about it.

Druid continued talking, not noticing Fiana’s expression shift to one of caution.

“In that case, could I request that you take a job?”

“A job?”

(What, a mission?)

She felt like it was a little anticlimactic.

It would be a mission from Druid, but she was pleased to be able to work as a knight.

Although the Minister of Finance held no authority in knights’ affairs, his position allowed him to amass money. The thing that no one working in the castle could disregard—money.

Of course, even if she had an attractive face, a mere knight like Fiana couldn’t refuse him. Regardless of what Fiana thought to herself, she had no choice but to listen to this man.

“Do you know of the recent disappearances near that village in the north?”

“Yes... I believe I’ve heard the Adventurers Guild announcing that there were some victims?”

This was a topic that she’d heard about just that past month.

People going to that northern village to peddle their wares or to travel would come up missing, adventurers as well.

“In truth, I was asked by my friend in the guild if I could lend some help from a knight order since it was too much for the adventurers to deal with.”

“... So, you ask me?”

“I merely felt that Fiana-dono would love a chance to serve in settling an incident that is disturbing the peace.”

Druid wanted to get a debt of gratitude from Fiana.

He wanted this beautiful knight to belong to him one way or another.

Fiana knew that this offer was born from wicked intentions, but she still hesitated in declining it.

A knight wouldn't abandon those in trouble, they would help them. If she could help, she would. That was what she felt.

“... I'll need to ask the captain, but...”

“Fufun, if it's something like that, this Druid will—”

“That isn't what I mean. I'll need to..” [1]

“But—”

Fiana truly did just want to ask her captain if she could accept the mission, but Druid panicked somewhat, thinking that she was trying to refuse.

However, thinking of something, he stopped midway.

“I understand. I'll be hoping for a favorable response from you.”

“I'm not sure if I will be able to meet your expectations, but okay...”

Ending the conversation with that, Fiana took the opportunity to incline her bow.

As she did so, Druid's gaze fell on her hips.

Her skirt was thick due to imitating a clergy member's, but it wasn't enough to fully conceal her curvaceous body.

Druid's eyes were fixated as he watched the woman's bottom sway back and forth as she walked away.

Just the thought that those hips would one day be his caused his groin to fire up.

With a quiet sneer, Druid also began to walk away. Fiana was heading to the

temple, yet Druid was heading towards the office belonging to the knight captain.

He would hammer the nail in hard enough that Fiana couldn't possibly refuse the mission.

Two days later, Fiana took several knights that were training and had lacked things to do with her and joined up with adventurers from the guild.

Their group of five knights and twelve adventurers set out from the royal capital towards the northern village.

... Even now, none of them knew what they were about to beckon in.

Footnotes:

- Sentence can't translate completely, but for a literal interpretation: "To captain, from me—". She was cut off, missing all of the middle bits that are needed in English, so yeah. Return

(Part 2)

People had gone missing on it, but the road that lead to the northern village was still unmarred.

There were no signs that there had been a fight along it, not were there signs that something had attacked. For something like a group of peddlers to go missing, there should at least be fallen debris from the wagon or fallen baggage somewhere.

Commanding a group totaling seventeen strong while riding on her horse in the lead, Fiana sighed.

She was currently wearing her travelling clothes, causing her beautiful body to be hidden. Wearing an outfit similar to a white robe, she wore a chest protector that looked like it was meant to protect her chest and right shoulder.

A boorish sword hung to the left of her waist, held up by a leather belt wrapped around her slender waist.

Knee socks and a garter belt could be seen on her legs peeping through the slit in her robe. Due to her riding her horse, the knee socks being held up by her garter belt were easily visible even without straining your eyes, the small bit of her visible skin reflecting sunlight.

She was also wearing an over-sized red cloak, hiding her figure—although it was actually normal sized, Fiana was smaller than most.

“You do not need to find the cause of them going missing, but finding even a clue as to why would be good.”

According to the information they received from the Guild, the last adventurer to attempt investigating did so one month ago.

The first group to go missing was one led by Frederica, a mage. The next group missing was also led by a mage, this one by a man named Alfred, that searched for Frederica’s group. One month ago, an adventurer named William disappeared as well.

Although there were several people that went missing each time, they had

practically no information other than that they had all went to an abandoned mine near the northern village.

No one had wanted to investigate any further since then, so this time they had gotten knights to participate as well in order to make the commission more appealing.

(Inside an abandoned mine—it can't be bandits, right?)

Bandits weren't skilled enough for something like this.

Although they would likely be able to handle something at the level of some peddlers, it was too much of a stretch for Fiana to believe that they could handle those adventurers.

Besides, the first victims had a mage with them. No matter how off guard they'd caught her, a mage wasn't so weak as to be defeated by a bandit.

At worst, she would have been able to leave behind some information. However, the only things that remained were her staff and her comrades' various equipment.

Generally, bandits would have sold the staff and equipment to get money. The fact they were left behind made everything quite strange.

(—I wonder... did a monster stray here from somewhere?)

Fiana felt that the possibility of that being the case was high.

Although the already small number of monsters was ever decreasing, back when there was still a Demon King, every kind of monster would flock to areas with large groups of people. When the Demon King was alive, Fiana was one of the knights who swung their sword at the forefront. She knew firsthand just how frightening monsters were.

Not limited to being just one species, a group of monsters would have many members of high caliber, each group requiring many humans and demi-humans to be defeated.

She wondered about how the cause of this disturbance might be due to a monster, and if it was, if there were more than one.

A large group of monsters would be too dangerous for them to handle, but

she hadn't received any report that would lead her to that conclusion. Was this monster acting by itself? Or maybe it was a giant beast?

(Well, there isn't even any evidence that it is still in the mine though.)

A peddler fell victim to whatever it was two weeks after the final investigation a month ago.

In all likelihood, it had already moved to another location. Moreover, it was strange that it didn't appear to be preying on people from the village at the foot of the mountain.

Some of the livestock disappeared, but that was all.

Everything about the case was strange. Fiana and her subordinates all felt the same about this. Even the adventurers thought something was off. However, they'd become a little timid due to their colleagues falling victim to whatever it was.

The adventurers were all stuffed into a small wagon so that they could keep up to the mounted knights. All of them wore sullen expressions. Fiana honestly felt that they shouldn't have come if their morale was going to be that low.

"Fiana-sama."

"Hmm?"

A female knight rode her horse up next to Fiana. The woman was the only other female knight in their group, her name was Alfira.

Long enough to extend down to her waist, her violet hair was as smooth as silk. She had it casually tied up at the nape of her neck. Her black, sharp eyes portrayed her strong will. Her glossy lips were pursed, almost as though she were dissatisfied about something. It wasn't that she was dissatisfied about this job though, Fiana knew that this was just this woman's normal expression.

She was tall for a woman, enough to make it seem like she was Fiana's older sister if they stood next to each other.

Fiana felt that when the woman wore her full armor and sat upright with her sharp expression, she passed as a beauty in male attire.

However, it wasn't as though she felt the woman was not womanly. Her

breasts, the pride of a woman, truly would appear when she took off her armor. They were large enough that she would have no need of feeling inferior to any woman at her age.

Despite having a well-developed bosom with the height of a man, her waist was surprisingly thin. Her trained abdomen was firm, yet further down was her sensual thighs and bottom.

That is the reason why she was so popular with the male knights despite having such a moody disposition.

“There’s a lake nearby, how about set up camp here today?”

“... Alright.”

Saying that to Alfira, she pulled out the map that was in the luggage on her horse.

As a woman, there was a great assortment of things in her luggage, but with Fiana’s nature of preferring to keep everything sorted and in their place, she’d found the map immediately.

Stopping her horse, she opened the map. As the leader of the group, everyone stopped moving when Fiana halted.

“There is a lake just ahead of us, so we will be setting up camp here to today.”

Fiana raised her voice so that everyone could hear her. Her dignified voice gave a feeling of reassurance to everyone that heard it. Here, she wasn’t a beautiful elf who was concerned about her short height. She was a respectable knight.

This lake wasn’t even a half day’s distance away from the northern village. The lake was very likely visible from the mine as it was at the foot of the mountain, but even so, they were all glad to be near a lake.

Even if they were accustomed to travelling long distances, Fiana and Alfira were women. They’d been on the road for five days since leaving the royal capital. Being able to take a bath was an attractive prospect.

After that, few words were spoken until they reached their targeted spot.

The knights gathered dry twigs and other scavengable wood from nearby to

use as firewood while the adventurers unloaded the wagon and horses as well as set up the tents.

Fiana and Alfira went to help to unload the baggage.

Due to them being the only women amongst the group of seventeen, the adventurers wanted to try and help them with the physical labor, but the two of them refused politely.

They didn't really like the whole 'I'm a man and you are a woman' thing.

Even so, the adventurers were glad to have just gotten a smile in return for their kindness. The calm and graceful Fiana's smile and the strong-willed Alfira's smile were plenty enough for them.

Once the baggage was unloaded and most of the tents were pitched, the knights that had gone out on patrol came back.

"—?"

Sensing that the returning knights were in somewhat of a panic, Fiana's long ears twitched.

As an elf, she was sensitive to subtle signs. She handed off the task of pitching that tent to an adventurer and headed towards the returning knights.

There were unfamiliar faces with them.

Two women, one with blonde hair, the other with silvery hair.

The blonde looked somewhat exhausted. She was only wearing a thick shirt and some trousers. It was male clothing, but Fiana thought they suited her well.

The other person, the one with silver hair, wore a black robe and had a large staff leaning against her shoulder. She was probably a mage. She looked sleepy and had vacant-looking eyes, but those eyes were firmly locked onto Fiana.

"What happened?"

"Well..."

Puzzled, Fiana called out to the group of knights and women that had a strange mood about them.

Before the male knights could answer—

“These men peeped at us when we were bathing though?”

The blonde woman’s words caused Fiana’s gaze to sharpen.

Although Fiana usually had a gentle personality, she was scary when she got angry.

“N-no we didn’t...”

The men panicked in response, but their words didn’t sound too confident.

“... They peeped.”

The silver-haired mage also testified.

As that caused the men to fall further into a panic, Fiana believed that it was likely the truth.

Even the men that attempted to deny it held their tongues in resignation.

“Today, you three will be on the night watch.”

“... Sir.”

None of them complained. It was an act unbecoming of a knight; she was already doing them a service by not denouncing them.

It could be said that they were saved by Fiana knowing them.

If Alfira was told about this, they would have been finished.

Besides, the following day would be the real thing. It would have been troubling if their punishment was too severe and it impacted their performance the next day.

“For my subordinates’ unthinkable impropriety... I am very sorry.”

When Fiana bowed, the men rushed to bow as well. The men weren’t stupid enough to allow their pride to stop them from bowing to women.

An aristocratic knight may have complained about it, but these knights were mere commoners. They had enough common sense to say they were in the wrong.

“Oh well. I don’t really have the hobby of making things hard for people.”

“I am very sorry...”

Raising her head, Fiana apologized once again.

When she looked up at the tall woman who was about one head taller than her, she felt like she'd seen her somewhere before.

(Where have I seen her before...?)

Just as she was about to remember—

“Captain, these two are Frederica Rene-dono and Satia-dono.”

“—Eh?”

She finally understood who the two were after hearing the knight speak.

... They were two of the adventurers that had gone missing.

Even though she thought doing so was rude, she looked at the two's faces closely again. Thinking back, these two truly did match the appearances that were described to her before she left.

“—Why are you here?”

A simple question slipped from her mouth.

According to what she'd heard, this woman had been missing for over a month. Why would she be found near the place she went missing at? Moreover, although she was a bit dirty here and there, why was she in otherwise good health?

It was the same for Satia. This mage with a doll-like expression and lifeless eyes was a missing person. Yet even so, the two were together and mostly safe. Fiana was suspicious of something strange going on.

Feeling Fiana's questioning look, Frederica sighed and shrugged her shoulders.

“We went through a few troubles.”

“Troubles?”

“How about we find some place to sit first?”

—Hasn't anyone told you to not be disrespectful to knights?

Fiana held back her words, guiding them into the camp. She wanted to find

out how these two were safe, after all.

(Part 3)

“A monster in the abandoned mine...”

“Yes... we were careless, thinking it was the work of some bandits. It killed my comrades—I hid inside the cave and managed to escape.”

Sitting around a fire burning with twigs and branches that had fallen from the surrounding trees, Fiana attempted to organize the information she got from listening to Frederica’s report as much as possible.

Their enemy was a single slime. Fire magic, its weakness, could not be invoked safely within the abandoned mine. Frederica reported that she had managed to survive by fleeing further inside.

When she heard that the girl had been forced to eat things like bats and rats, she flinched, but according to Frederica, that was the reality of it. As for her taking a bath, after hearing everything she had went through in order to escape from the slime’s clutches... no one doubted her anymore.

She had just been driven that far.

Satia’s testimony was practically the same. She was helped by Frederica, and it appeared as though the other adventurers that had come with her were attacked as well.

“To spend a month inside that cave... it must have been tough on you.”

“Let’s not talk about those sorts of things anymore—alright?”

“... Yeah.”

Alfira, who was also a woman, brought tea to the two girls after they finished telling their story.

As she accepted it, the blonde, Frederica, smiled towards Satia.

An incredibly tiny flicker of emotion besmirched Satia’s doll-like countenance for an instant as she nodded.

(For them to endure all of that themselves...)

Everyone in the camp thought something similar.

The adventurers that knew these two or the deceased adventurers that had come with them in particular had listened to their report in frustration.

“Umm, it’s hard for us to tell you this, but we’re...”

“... Going to the abandoned mine, is it?”

“Yes. Now that we know our target is a monster, we must annihilate it with everything we have...”

Monsters were the enemies of mankind. Although Fiana knew that the two were victims of it, she did not want to divide the forces she’d brought with them.

In other words, she would tell the two to stay in the village at the foot of the mountain.

“... We’ll go, too. To the mine.”

“Are you sure? Aren’t you too... tired?”

“... We’re alright.”

“Besides, we have to hurry back... my children are waiting.”

Satia was expressionless as usual as she spoke.

Frederica, however, spoke with a slight smile.

Hearing that she’d be able to have two more mages to help, Fiana’s expression brightened.

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t worry about it.”

Now, all they had to do was lure the slime out of the cave and kill it.

Although the existences known as monsters were troublesome, if you know what they were, they could be dealt with one way or another.

A slight burden lifted from her, Fiana let out a small sigh.

“Frederica, you had children?”

One of the adventurers that had kept himself silent so far spoke out to Frederica in surprise.

This was the first time he'd heard of it, so he was leaning very far forward. As they were all looking at Frederica, the other adventurers appeared to be interested as well.

"Yeah, lots of them. They're all so cute."

"No way!?"

"Eeeh!?"

Reactions like that came from the various adventurers. They all thought that Frederica was single.

Seeing the adventurers so depressed, Fiana and Alfira could do nothing but smile.

"... Yes, they are all cute."

Their voices were all so loud that they drowned out Satia's small voice.

Her expression seemed empty, not reflecting her inner emotions. She held her large staff to her chest as though she couldn't settle down.

No one noticed, but her fingernails were digging into her staff.

No one there had been close with Satia, so none of them knew what kinds of habits she had, after all.

"Well then, why don't we all have supper? You two should be worn out, so let's retire early today."

When Fiana said that, everyone started to bustle about.

By the way, the preparations for the dinner were done by those male knights from before. This was one of their punishments.

After they finished with their supper, the men and women bathed in turns. After that, a problem popped up once related to sleeping.

Thus far, Fiana and Alfira shared a small tent as they were the only women in the group. However, the tent was too small for all four of them to use it.

However, they also hesitated having them sleep together with the men. Frederica had told them that it wasn't a problem, but it was a problem related to morals. Feeling the mood coming from Frederica, Fiana deemed it unacceptable.

Fiana was self-aware that she minded what adult men and women did together a little too much. Even so, knights were people that should be a source of discipline and order.

At the very least, Fiana did not intend bend the rules herself. Because of that, Alfira decided to choose the option of having all four of them sleep in the small tent.

"I'll be going on night watch tonight as well."

With that, Alfira left.

Fiana thought that what she did was poor, but there wasn't a good choice to be made. Accepting Alfira's decision, the three entered the tent.

Fiana looked apologetic, Frederica didn't feel anything in particular... And Satia was just excessively doll-like due to her loneliness from not being able to embrace her beloved that night. At least, that is what Frederica thought as she looked at her **comrade** that she'd become friends with recently.

"You seem to have something on your mind."

"Don't worry about it... to be honest, I feel as though I should act like her, but..."

Hearing Frederica's words, Fiana sighed and placed her hand on her cheek.

After she finished bathing, the woman wore a white blouse and black pants. It was a rough appearance.

When she asked if Frederica was alright with being so lightly dressed, she responded saying that she would be wearing a robe-like clothing above it with armor.

Frederica was an adventurer that preferred being lightly dressed under her armor. She had found this out the first time she was assaulted under her clothing. Satia was the same, of course, but neither said it out loud, nor did

Satia show much interest in the conversation as a whole. She simply watched Fiana and Frederica as they talked.

“Didn’t Alfira-san say it? You’re the captain, right? Part of your job is to rest your body.”

There wasn’t any bedding on the ground, but there were enough towels laid out across the ground to blunt some of the ground’s hardness.

It was decided that the three of them would sleep inside the tent with Fiana between the other two. The three were laying side by side on the makeshift bed.

“It might be hard to sleep on, but please endure it.”

“It’s alright. It’s different for Satia, but I was sleeping on the abandoned mine’s floor.”

“R-really...? What about Satia-chan?”

“... It was warm.”

“?”

Satia’s explanation was insufficient.

“It must’ve felt good...”

Fiana inclined her neck, but Frederica just seemed to be envious of Satia for some reason.

She just closed her eyes, thinking that they must be on great terms with each other.

She was only concerned about this mission’s target and the missing people. It wasn’t everything, but she had managed to obtain some information and achieve part of their goal.

She fell asleep quickly.

Unable to sleep well, Satia opened her eyes. She was looking at something white.

Fiana had tossed about in her sleep, plunging Satia’s face into her rich chest.

Unlike Satia, Fiana's chest was bountiful and had a sweet fragrance to it.

"Nn, uu—"

"... .."

The girl was still asleep, the air slowly being breathed in and out of her small lips.

Fast asleep—she was practically defenseless..

Satia hadn't particularly **intended** on waking up, but wound up doing so.

When she looked away, it was still dark outside the tent. Judging from the light coming from the flickering flames of the fire burning outside, she judged that it was still in the middle of the night.

"... Big."

Satia suddenly remembered that she hadn't received her **Goshujin-sama's** affection today and grew uneasy.

She wondered if that was the reason why she woke up. Wrapped in that comfort, exhaustion didn't exist.

Even if she cried, even if she pleaded, she would not be pardoned from it. Even if she fainted, she would be brought to a climax again and again, not stopping until she'd transcended into perfect ecstasy.

After being wrapped in that pleasant comfort for so long, Satia became unable to sleep properly without first feeling the gentle aftertaste of climaxing. Her body had long since grown accustomed to it.

While thinking about that sort of thing, she moved her hands as though to massage the blouse-covered breasts in front of her.

They were things she didn't have. When Frederica was violated, her breasts were always massaged.

Satia thought that it probably felt very good... Just by having her breasts massaged, Frederica—just with that, her eyes would glaze over in lust.

Satia slowly rubbed breasts that was about the same size as Frederica's with her right hand.

At that point in time, she wasn't even thinking about anything lewd. She simply woke up, saw breasts right in front of her, and started massaging them. It was a simple reason.

If forced, she might say she was merely interested. She didn't have them, and Frederica's were Goshujin-sama's. Therefore, she wanted to massaged breasts that didn't belong to anyone. She just wanted to feel how soft they were.

It was that sort of thinking. Again, she wasn't harboring any wicked thoughts in the least.

Her eyes had opened, but her ability to think properly was still sleeping. She continued massaging the girl's breasts, not thinking anything wrong about it. She found it amusing how her index finger would sink into them as she poked them and return to their original shape afterwards. Each time the girl breathed in and out, they would sway softly, a valley peeking through the neck of her blouse that had been stretched due to sleeping on her side.

“—Huu... uu...”

Her abundant breasts changed shapes as Satia's fingers moved over them.

As she massaged, she warped to match her. Her fingers sank in and were wrapped by the breasts despite still being covered with a blouse and undergarment. Satia gradually became engrossed with the action.

Yet even so, Fiana didn't wake up. Satia's massaging method was night painful nor pleasuring. It could be said that it wasn't even stimulating.

Wrinkling her brought, she spread her fingers apart and continued enjoying the breasts' softness.

Did her Goshujin-sama enjoy more abundant chests after all?

She was suddenly struck with that thought, yet she felt as though she could understand why.

They were incredibly soft. Moreover, it was fun to poke them with your fingers and watch them change shapes.

Like an innocent child, Satia guessed that the woman's weakness was the same as her own and rubbed Fiana's nipples on the other side of her blouse

with her nails.

“Nn—huua...”

Satia hadn't noticed due to being so engrossed in playing with the woman's breasts, but Fiana's voice began to be laced with a tinge of emotion.

Heated sighs began to join the ranks of what used to be simple sleep breaths. After playing with her nipples for some amount of time, their feeling changed somewhat due to the pleasant feeling coming from outside of the blouse. Her nipples had become easily identified from outside of the woman's clothing.

Her nipples had stiffened as a reaction to the pleasant sensation. Satia knew this reaction well.

Her left hand massaged the well-developed bosom as her right hand focused on rubbing the woman's nipples with her fingers.

“N, nn...”

Still asleep, coquettish sighs made their way out of her mouth. Her white throat became visible for an instant as her head tilted back in what appeared to be a small convulsion. Her body once again returned to a standard sleeping position.

Once that happened, Satia noticed the changes in Fiana.

Her lips had parted slightly, her white teeth just barely visible. She heard somewhat heavy panting coming from her and it seemed as though a pleasant scent filled the tent.

(Even asleep... she's feeling it.)

After she herself had been brought to climaxing so many times and after seeing Frederica's expression from a third person perspective, Satia knew what the girl's expression meant.

She was enduring the pleasure. Her white hair stuck to her cheek due to a sweat unlike night sweat and her eyebrows were just barely furrowed a small amount.

Despite being asleep, this beautiful female knight was feeling Satia's fingers. When she rubbed her nipples with her fingernails, she trembled. Each

convulsion grew more intense each time she repeated the process.

She continued on as-is for a while, the woman's nipples growing ever harder. They already felt as though they couldn't stiffen any further.

(I wonder if... I also feel it when I'm asleep?)

She was loved by her Goshujin-sama even while she was asleep. She wondered if she also panted like her while still unconscious.

Realizing that, she grew awfully embarrassed.

When she looked up after hiding her face in embarrassment—

“H-aah...”

No longer receiving sufficient stimulation, Fiana unconsciously let out a steamy sigh. Her hot breath struck Satia's face, causing her bangs to sway.

When she went back to massaging her breasts—a little more forcefully than before—her body trembled much more strongly. Then, as though running away from the stimulation, Fiana rolled onto her back.

Due to her being on her back, her huge breasts yielded to gravity and leaned towards either side of her. Yet even so, their richness was still obvious. Her chest rising and falling with each breath attracted her gaze.

(... She escaped.)

As soon as she thought that, the long ears that were characteristic of an elf came into view.

(Part 4)

Moving her body so that the woman wouldn't wake up, Satia went to rubbing her ears, rather than her breasts.

"N, uuu—"

Were they her weak spot?

Having displayed a much more obvious reaction than with her breasts, Fiana was a bit interesting.

Satia continued stroking the woman's ear with her finger, gently stimulating her breast with her other hand. Fiana's reaction changed visibly.

"Haah... Haa—nn."

What came from her mouth was no longer sleep breath, it was obviously a pant.

Moreover, a cute tongue slipped out from behind her white teeth just a little.

What kind of dream was she having?

Or maybe it wasn't a dream. Maybe her body was simply reacting on its own?

Her breasts' peaks had gotten to the point that they could be fully seen, even through her blouse. Her ear trembled as though to escape being teased by the finger.

Using her tiny hands, Satia placed her palms against the woman's breasts and squeezed one time. Her breasts so big that Satia's hands couldn't contain them.

"Nn—"

Satia didn't know if it was due to pleasure or pain, but just that single time caused Fiana's body to stiffen.

(... Did she wake up?)

Holding in place for a while, she once again heard the woman return to a heated sleep breathing.

She hadn't woken up, so Satia decided to use her tongue to lick her long and

beautiful ears. Just a little, of course.

She wasn't able to use her tongue as dexterously as the Black Ooze could its tentacles, but Satia found it very pleasant when her own ears were violated.

Remembering those times, Satia slid her tongue along one of the elf's long ears. It was immediately covered with saliva and began making a lewd sound as she pressed her tongue down into the woman's ear.

"... Nnn, uu..."

However, Fiana's reaction wasn't satisfying.

She'd moved her body like it was ticklish, but compared to the times she had rubbed her breasts or rubbed her ear with her finger, she hadn't reacted much at all.

As that was the case, she started rubbing one of her breasts. It wasn't a gentle massage, but rather a vigorous one that she'd put some strength into her grip for.

"H—ah!"

When she did that, what was definitely a heating sigh came from the elf.

Satia looked towards the tent's entrance, but it didn't look like anyone was coming. She continued on looking at the entrance as she rubbed the elf's breast powerfully enough to move Fiana's body somewhat.

This time, what came out wasn't a sigh.

When she looked back toward's Fiana's face, she still appeared to be asleep... but she was enduring it by biting down on her right forefinger.

When she stopped doing anything for a while, Fiana's finger parted from her lips.

Satia waited for her breathing to settle down, and—

"... What're you doing?"

Still rubbing the sleepiness from her eyes, Frederica sat up.

When Satia silently looked towards Fiana, what could be seen was a beautiful woman whose lips were partly opened as she let out heated sighs.

“... ..”

“... ”

“Ha, aa—aaah.”

Satia went back to silently rubbing the one of the elf’s giant breasts in vigor. As she did, Fiana’s body shook and she went back to panting.

“She’s pretty sensitive...”

Frederica got that impression from her.

It looked amusing, so Frederica moved her hand over to the breast opposite of Satia.

(... Aren’t these even bigger than mine?)

Entertaining such a carefree thought, Frederica started out by gently stimulating the elf.

Rather than massaging her so carelessly like Satia, she used her forefinger to trace the outer circumference of the breast, sometimes pressing against the soft breast a little more strongly. She lightly stimulated her, to the point that it was uncertain whether or not her finger was actually touching. However, just as one would start to guess that, she would place some pressure on the breast. Just as one would begin to think she only intended on gently caressing her areola with her fingernails, rather than the nipple itself, she would suddenly press her forefinger into the nipple.

It was amusing whenever her finger would sink in, but it was more amusing when she took it back out.

She could see the elf’s nipples more clearly than she was able to just a moment ago.

Her undergarment had likely shifted from Satia’s fierce caresses.

Meanwhile, now that she’d learned that this woman reacted when she was treated roughly, Satia’s massaging was more like crushing.

“—Nnaah! ... Haah....”

Then, once Fiana began to show an intense reaction, the two stopped doing

anything with their hands.

Despite still being asleep, Fiana twisted her body as though to escape from the pleasure. However, she continued to be played around with by the two's hands.

Her upper body held in place their hands, her waist moved as she tried to unconsciously escape. The blankets laid out below them had gone into disarray.

The next thing Frederica set her sights on was...

Does it need to be said?

The elf's ears.

"Hmm... Nom."

"Ha... aaah!?"

Holding the long ear in her mouth and play-biting it while licking it with her tongue, Fiana's limbs sprang about amusingly.

(That was a way different reaction from when I did it...)

Satia inclined her head to the side. As if to mimic her, Satia did the same with her small mouth.

"Ah—aah—aaah—"

"Sleeeeeeep."

Frederica took the ear out of her mouth and whispered into it.

Guided by mana-filled **voice**, Fiana's consciousness that had started to awaken sank back down.

Suddenly feeling her eyes droop, Satia, still nibbling on Fiana's perky ears, sent an upward glance towards Frederica.

"There are various ways to use magic... keep on studying."

"..."

She answered by nodding.

If anything, she probably responded like that so that she'd be able to keep on play-biting Fiana's ears.

“... Is it tasty?”

“ ... ”

To that question, she shook her head. The ear on Satia’s side was covered in saliva, a horrible state. When she slurped so that the saliva wouldn’t drip off, Fiana reacted from just the stimulation.

After enjoying herself by nibbling on Fiana’s lovely ears a few more times and watching her body twitch each time she did so, she took it out of her mouth.

“... Watching her reactions is amusing.”

“Right? I like doing this more though.”

Saying that, Frederica unbuttoned Fiana’s blouse button-by-button.

What appeared was white lace underwear that, as their eyes had gotten used to the darkness, shone somewhat.

Seeing the beauty’s underwear-clad body shine in the near darkness, Frederica squinted.

Her eyes that had gotten so used to the darkness could even see the frills’ design. The female knight was so beautiful that she’d let out a voice of admiration in her mind.

(Well, this isn’t the kind of underwear that belongs on a campaign...)

She thought that as well, though.

“Even Knight-sama’s underwear is first-class.”

“... Pretty.”

“Really, I’m envious...”

All of the buttons on her blouse removed, Fiana’s upper body was entirely revealed. Her beyond-rich breasts lay off towards her sides due to the pull of gravity and her right nipple had even slipped out of her underwear. This wasn’t the sort of underwear that placed functionality over all else and covered the majority of the breasts like the kind Frederica used. This was the kind that pursued beauty in order to dress yourself up and show off to a man.

The fabric was thin and it didn’t cover much area. Even though her nipple was

still hidden on the left side, it was still showing off a bit of her areola. If this was what she wore on her upper half, what about her panties? Frederica, suddenly gaining an interest in her lower half, decided to capture the elf's upper body first.

She started massaging her breasts, now only defended by the thin bra, with both of her hands. She was gentle at first... slowly and steadily becoming more forceful over time.

Even despite being protected by her bra, her giant breasts were so soft that they still undulated, changing shape as if entirely guided by Frederica's hands.

"Nnn, nnnuunn..."

Satia held back Fiana's finger that she'd unconsciously tried bringing to her mouth to muffle herself.

And so, rather than her finger—Satia brought her own lips to Fiana's.

The elf's lips were parted slightly, her white teeth just barely visible beyond them. Further inside, there was a tongue flicking around just slightly, as though it were desiring something.

Satia pressed her tongue into Fiana's mouth.

"Huu, aa—aahn."

She licked around her mouth at first, but she brought Fiana's tongue outside of her mouth as though she weren't satisfied with that.

This time, Satia twined her tongue around the elf's, nibbling it here and there. Meanwhile, Satia used her hands to rub the elf's ears, pinching them with her nails as they twitched.

Before long, Frederica's hands were no longer rubbing from above the elf's bra. She'd moved her hands inside it and was massaging her soft, giant breasts directly.

Her movement was still restricting by the underwear, but now that it felt like she was truly **ravishing** the woman, Frederica's heart was being satisfied. While kneading the beyond soft breasts, she held the protrusions that were making themselves known between her forefingers and thumbs.

Different from the breasts' softness, her nipples were elastic, like little gummy bears. When she used her fingers to knead them, Fiana's waist unexpectedly lifted up. She didn't let out a voice, however.

Her mouth was blocked by Satia's.

Her toes clutched the towels that were being used as substitutes for proper bedding. Her hands, moving about like they were trying to reject something, seized Frederica's and Satia's clothing.

"Huu—ha... fuu—"

Her breathing roughened as her waist started twitching. Even so, Frederica ignored it and kept pinching her nipples. Even if she kept on and used all of her strength like she wanted to crush them completely, Fiana wouldn't wake up due to being forcefully put to sleep through magic.

Satia continued play-biting the woman's tongue so that it wouldn't be able to return into her mouth. Saliva made its way out from the space between the two's mouths.

Her muffled voice wasn't loud enough to be heard from outside of the tent, so no help arrived.

Although her consciousness attempted to raise itself due to the considerable pleasure, it was hindered through magic, causing her voluptuous body to climax while still slumbering.

Continuing on, Satia used her thin fingers to trace along the inside of the elf's long ears, causing her body to once again twitch. Her head fixed in place and her breasts grasped firmly, the only part of her body left that was able to struggle was her lower half.

Exhausting herself after thrusting her waist out repeatedly, her toes that were grasping onto the towels laid out over the ground lost their strength.

Tears overflowed from her closed eyes. Even her hands that had been trying to reject the two's advances let go of their clothing. She'd gotten weaker. However, from the way she looked, it was almost as though she were accepting the two; so that they could embrace her.

“Fuah—nnn—fuhiiin—!”

However, that stillness only lasted for a moment.

Captured by Satia’s tongue, Fiana’s was unable to feebly retreat back into her mouth. Her exposed breasts were once again massaged both gently and vigorously.

Her waist, exhausted from climaxing, now began to move along the ground in a swaying motion. The towels that had been thrown into disarray by her feet were disturbed further.

Even though the pleasure was that intense, she didn’t regain consciousness. Even though she tried to wake up, something was stopping her.

The only thing that the beautiful elf commander was able to do in that strange situation was to continue on climaxing and let out her mumbled screams. However, the two wouldn’t let her off with just that much.

A place beyond the climax. It was somewhere that they knew of, a place that held true pleasure. No matter how much one were to cry, to refuse, to beg, to collapse, to faint... by being continually ravished even beyond that, there was a place they would arrive at.

Although the lower half of her body hadn’t been touched, the scent of a woman filled the tent.

“Fua—haah... nn.”

Just how much had she climaxed?

Finally satisfied, Frederica let go of the woman’s breasts.

Her breasts, reddened due to the obstinately relentless stimulation as they were, were charming in a pitiful way. Her attractive face was covered with Satia’s drool as well as her own, causing her to be almost unrecognizable. Upon taking a closer look, it wasn’t just tears and saliva, but also the drippings of a runny nose.

With how her hands were thrown ahead of her earlier, it looked exactly like she’d been raped.

This lit a fire in Frederica’s soul.

“... Fuaaah.... that was amazing.”

“I don’t really get it, but we should get some sleep. Goshujin-sama won’t be letting us get any rest.”

“... Un.”

Satia rubbed her thighs against each other.

It wasn’t enough after all. However, it was the same for Frederica.

They’d tried tormenting Fiana, but—

(Nn...)

They wanted that pleasant feeling they got when the slime didn’t allow them to rest until it was done, not even if they fainted.

After savoring that extreme pleasure day in, day out, they learned that only that monster could provide them with that.

Frederica straightened Fiana’s clothes, not noticing that her own waist was twitching slightly, like it was expecting something.

Putting her bra that her breasts had spilled out of due to the tempestuous massaging back in place, she did up her blouse’s buttons. With this, it’d be ridiculous for the girl to think that anything had happened.

“Fufu.”

“—Nn... uu...”

She was sleeping. She probably wouldn’t wake up all night.

When Frederica gently pet the elf’s porcelain white-like face, just that small amount of stimulation was enough to cause her to stir.

Frederica truly thought that she was beautiful. Elves were a species that lived longer lives than humans and were much more beautiful than them. No exception to that, this female elf knight was more beautiful than any woman Frederica had seen before.

Looking at such a woman’s face as she brushed over it with her hands... Frederica smiled a true smile, one from the bottom of her heart.

According to the conversation they had beforehand, this female and the other knights were all heading to the abandoned mine that their Goshujin-sama lived in. Since that was the case, this woman would also become Goshujin-sama's woman. Just like them, she would become their **comrade**.

She didn't feel jealous or begrudging about it at all. She wasn't exactly happy for it to be happening, but she was interested.

What was a knight? They were a person that valued loyalty, the law, and their faith. Although this was the first time she had met any—she could understand well what they were like after seeing how the knights that had peeped at her and Satia bathing were treated.

What would a knight like this Fiana do?

Would she gasp from the pleasure?

Would she sob from the humiliation?

... And, perhaps most importantly, in what way will she succumb?

Still stroking the elf's cheek, she imagined it.

"I'm looking forward to it."

After that, the night grew old.

For Fiana, this night was a great nightmare.

Chapter 5: The Female Knights' Dignity

(Part 1)

It was noon on the sixth day since leaving the Royal Capital when the group, lead by Fiana, arrived at the base of the mountain that had the abandoned mithril mine. Guided by Frederica, Fiana and her headed to the village head's house along with a single male knight and adventurer.

With their numbers, it would have been difficult to rest inside the small village, so everyone else prepared camp outside of the village.

A while later, Fiana and the other three returned and started to help set up tents after finishing their discussions with the villagers. By the time that they were all there helping out, the sun had just began to sink down.

Several villagers came bringing meat and alcohol around the time the expedition group had finished setting up camp. They did this as a spirit raiser for the upcoming monster subjugation.

Accepting it along with offering her gratitude, Fiana decided to cook the meat and share the alcohol with everyone.

Although monster subjugations came with their share of danger, they were relaxed due to arriving at their destination.

Being able to drink alcohol for the first time in a while, Frederica's mood improved after she drank quite an amount of it.

However, feeling as though something was about to happen Fiana tilted her head to the side.

This was the intuition that belonged to the long lived elves, and although it was sensitive, it was not infallible.

Taking it to be her in her imagination, Fiana didn't pay it much attention and went back to drinking her small amount of alcohol.

"Hyaah!?"

Fiana, who'd been drinking the small amount so as to not intoxicate herself, let out a wild voice.

Suddenly hearing their commander's voice, everyone looked towards Fiana.

"... Sensitive."

"P-p-please don't touch them!"

Visibly amused, Satia stroked Fiana's characteristic long ears with her small fingers.

Her ears, tinged red due to the alcohol's influence, twitched as though attempting to escape Satia's fingers.

The female commander writhed like she was being tickled. It might have been due to the alcohol's influence, but rather than watching on with cheeky smiles, the men all saw her movements as somewhat enticing and averted their gazes.

"Mou... are elf ears that interesting to you, Satia-san?"

"... No, yours tremble, they look sensitive..."

"—D-do they...?"

Setting aside the alcohol's influence, her white cheeks dyed red from embarrassment.

Seeing Satia's hands start moving towards her ears once again, Fiana stood up to escape.

"I-I'm going to turn in early."

"... Me too, then."

In a sense, Satia was greedy.

Even with her poor social standing, she learned magic and knowledge important for adventuring from senior adventurers for Alfred's sake despite being his slave.

For her master's sake, she learned how to cook and how to fight so that she wouldn't drag him down. Then—so that she could satisfy her Goshujin-sama, she tried to improve her understanding of sensual pleasures.

Seeing Satia stand up to follow her, Fiana's cheeks cramped.

When she frantically looked towards Frederica for help—

“That girl's going to follow you until she's satisfied!”

Frederica offhandedly shot her down. She went back to her alcohol after that.

As for the men... given their pink-filled minds and hopes, their wound up looking back and forth between Fiana and Satia.

They'd been travelling for a week, so they were rather backed up. There was no helping the matter, but even so, Fiana cursed about it in her mind.

“W-well then... shall we both go to bed?”

“... Definitely.”

Now that she was unable to escape the situation after she herself said it, Fiana left the area with Satia accompanying her.

Seeing the men gaze after them as they left, Alfira scowled at them. As for Frederica, she looked as though she didn't care at all.

“Ahem.”

“W-well... let's drink our fill and get some sleep!”

“Y-yeah!”

After enjoying themselves all the way till the moon was high in the sky, the alcohol helped everyone fall into a deep sleep.

On the morning of the next day, Fiana and the rest woke up even earlier than the village's elders would and put their tents away, as well as the remnants of the previous night's enjoyment, before starting to ascend the mountain.

Now having little traveling it, the mountain trail was overgrown with grass and weeds, taking away from their stamina despite them simply passing through.

Frederica and Satia were riding on a single horse, guiding everyone up the mountain.

The horse was borrowed from one of the male knights. This was done

because it was judged that it would be safer having the two who knew the way lead them.

“How much longer will it take?”

“I think we’ll arrive there by noon.”

The knight that was walking together with the adventurers asked Frederica.

Unlike the comparatively lightly dressed adventurers, he was dressed in full plate armor, causing this path to be extraordinarily taxing on him.

He’d trained for marching as well, but it wasn’t as though he had unlimited stamina.

When she responded to his question straightforwardly, he just continued in silence.

As Frederica had said, they arrived the entrance to the abandoned cave at around the same time that the sun was straight up in the sky.

Everyone’s expressions tensed. Now was the real deal. Seeing them look completely different from how they were during the previous night’s festivities, Frederica looked over them with cold eyes.

“Now then, the adventurers will begin preparing camp. The rest of us will look around.”

Once they finished unloading their baggage near the abandoned mine’s entrance, Fiana began issuing orders. As for whether or not the investigation would drag on, everyone believed that it would.

This was due to Frederica’s testimony and due to looking at the map that the village head gave them. Since mithril was such a valuable magic metal, excavation had continued well past the point that collapses could occur so long as it could still be found, causing the mine to be rather expansive.

After the excavation continued for several more months, once it reached the point that not even traces of mithril could be found, the mine was abandoned.

Having been excavated that far, Fiana judged that it would take them upwards of a week to thoroughly examine the abandoned mine while being vigilant towards monsters.

The other knights and adventurers held the same view... rather, they expected that it would likely take even longer than that.

Following Fiana's orders, the adventurers prepared the camp while the knights went to look around and scout the surrounding area. Frederica went around with the knights, with Satia stayed with the adventurers.

They wondered if they might be able to spot some kind of weakness or if they might be able to decrease their numbers by even a single person, but it wouldn't go so simply.

As soon as the camping preparations were over, everyone gathered together to eat lunch. Their meal was comprised of dried meat and some herbs and mushrooms they picked up on the mountain trail.

"When you were investigating, was there anything that stood out?"

Sitting next to Satia, who was chewing jerky while absentmindedly staring into the flickering fire, Alfira asked her a question.

"... There's a lot of dust—and it's dark. It's tiring."

Taking the dried meat away from her mouth, she said only that much before going back to nibbling it once again.

Sensing that the girl's attitude was as if she wasn't interested in the abandoned mine's investigation at all, Alfira's mouth cramped a little.

"I-is that so..."

Convincing herself that it was due to the girl only having bad memories of this place, she averted her gaze from Satia.

The same thing happened with Frederica.

Frederica was just lazily watching the fire.

The surrounding adventurers called towards her a few times, but she only gave them vague responses.

"We'll be heading into the mine to start searching now... Frederica-san, Satia-san, will you two be alright?"

Wearing her light armor above her clothes that looked like pure white priest

vestments and her long sword at her waist on the left side, Fiana asked them.

The two responded with a nod.

The knights and adventurers were all also preparing to begin the investigation. Among them was, of course, the only female other than Fiana, Alfira. Despite being a woman, she was equipped with hefty armor that covered her full body over her thick black clothing.

The other knights were also wearing full body armor like Alfira.

“... If there aren’t any problems, we’ll be going then.”

The investigation would be conducted with them split into two groups.

Fiana, Alfira, Satia, and half of the adventurers made up the first group.

Frederica, the male knights, and the rest of the adventurers made up the second group. As far as their fighting strength went, this was an even split. Also, due to the abandoned mine’s narrow passageways, them traveling in a large group would have been a problem.

It wouldn’t be a problem for as many as nineteen to pass through, but the passages were too narrow if it turned into a fight. Moreover, the opponent was a slime. There was no way they could use fire magic in the mine, so once they found the slime, they would have to lure it out towards the entrance.

With that being the case, it was easier for them to move about in smaller groups. Besides, if they fought as one large group, they wouldn’t be able to properly wield their swords.

And those are the reasons they split their group’s fighting potential in half.

For their capabilities, they had the commander, Fiana, the newcomer, Alfira, and three skilled male knights.

Also, as mages familiar with the mine, Frederica and Satia had been split up between the two groups.

“It’s so freaking dark and dusty in here... it’ll feel great when we get to go back outside.”

“Seriously.”

In front of Frederica, the male adventurers continued advancing inside while exchanging words with each other.

Two of the knights were in the lead, while the rest followed up in the rear. They took this formation so that they could protect the adventurers and Frederica.

This was because both the weight behind what a knight was and how skilled they were was clearly different from adventurers. Not something that aristocrats could simply throw money at to obtain, the title of 'knight' was earned through ability, experience, and an aptitude in magic.

Their capabilities far outstripped that of the adventurers. Even if Frederica was at a considerable level for an adventurer mage, she was only comparable to knights in her magical aptitude.

However, she fell far short when it came to swordplay. If she couldn't bring one down in one hit from a long distance away, her being defeated once her opponent drew close was a foregone conclusion.

Surveying the knights as they diligently paid attention to their surroundings, even Frederica grew accustomed to walking around the mine to a certain extent. This was a place she'd been living in for around a month already, but Frederica had only been staying in that single spot where light shone down into the mine that whole time.

There, for almost a full month, she was violated each and every day.

She was even able to escape.

Like how she had left the abandoned mine to bathe, this wasn't the first time. Cleansing her body at the lake located at the foot of the mountain with Satia, she would come back to this mine. No, rather than 'come back', it was probably more correct to say she was 'returning home'.

Her head, her body, her mind, even her soul—it had all come to recognize this place, this dark, gloomy mine, as home.

Out of her life until now and from everything then on... was there anything else that would be able to give the extent of pleasure that that slime was able to?

The first time she left the mine, she thought that. She thought that, and realized.

Even if she ran away, Frederica would return to this mine. It would simply end up happening.

Even if she regained her pride as a mage or her pride as a human being—she would return to this mine and, once again, be ravished. No, she would return for the sake of being ravished. She was confident in that.

When she left the mine that first time and realized that fact, Frederica wept. She cried from her heart, and kept on crying—even as she cleansed her body so that she could once again receive the Black Ooze’s love.

“Frederica, are you alright?”

“Yeah, I’m alright~”

A man walking next to her spoke to her, but she just responded without thinking much about it at all.

It didn’t matter.

Frederica knew that the man was thinking of her. She could tell from the way he looked.

Even so, it didn’t matter.

Frederica had long since grown used to the stagnant, dusty air.

(Aah, I’m finally back.)

She thought that from the bottom of her heart.

Ever since her first time with the slime, this was the longest she had gone without its ravishing. Let alone the two days it had been, it was rare for her to even have half a day’s rest. Normally, she would be caressed throughout the day as well as after she fell asleep at night.

Always kept at a state of excitement, the woman’s womb throbbed, maintaining a state of being prepared to bear children*.

Her womb violated, her eggs violated, she had birthed children. Her fear towards being impregnated by a monster had quickly faded away.

Frederica felt that, certainly, she was simply a monster with a human's appearance. She loved a monster and would never be able to love a human again.

"Mm—"

One of the knights stopped walking. Following his lead, Frederica and the other also stopped, surveying their surroundings.

They didn't sense mana nor a presence, but the skilled knight still felt that something was there.

"—A monster that can camouflage itself?"

The knights drew their swords, causing the adventurers to follow suit and prepare themselves as well.

By the time Frederica began preparing her mana, the knights' swords began to emit a bright light. Mana lights—mana blades that could cut through the slime's soft body.

At the same moment, a slime about the size of a dog crawled out from behind the shade of a rock.

The knights held up their swords as though to intercept it. The slime slowly moved towards them—at that instant, another slime that was about the same size dropped down from the ceiling.

Two of the knights hastily avoided the slime. Now that their balance had been thrown off, more slimes showed themselves on the surrounding walls and aimed their tentacles toward them.

Even with that, the two knights cleared them out and straightened their stances. As the paralytic poison had been blocked by their armor as well, it wasn't able to show its effectiveness.

"Tch, so many—!"

One of the knights cut away some of the viscous tentacles to capture a slime. When he raised his sword to swing, the slime used the chance to attack with its tentacle. However, it was repelled by the knight's shield.

Thinking that he was about to take it out, the knight took a blow from behind

and was captured by the slime he thought he'd defeated.

The slime suddenly grew from about the size of a dog to being large enough to envelop the armored knight's entire body.

Now that he'd been enveloped, it was impossible for him to defend against the liquids that made up the slime's body. The paralytic poison-laced mucus made its way through the gaps in the knight's armor, quickly disabling him.

His entire body was immersed in the viscous liquid, so he wasn't able to breathe. Given how things were going, he would die of suffocation within the minute.

"Wha—!?"

Another tentacle took that moment of carelessness to strike at another knight's helmet, the paralytic poison penetrating onto the skin through its gap.

Unable to withstand the paralytic poison that had affected him so suddenly, the other knight fell to his knees.

At that moment, the man was squashed by a new slime that fell from the ceiling. Only one knight was left after Frederica's attack caused the other two knights to fall into disarray. This second group had been driven into a corner.

They would be paralyzed just by having a tentacle touch them. Luckily, the adventurers weren't wearing any heavy armor, so even them just cutting away the tentacles would cause drops of it to splash onto them, causing them to be paralyzed.

As a result, the only person who was safe was the knight, who stood a little ways away from Frederica.

He hadn't been captured by a slime, but he didn't have time to help out the adventurers that were quickly succumbing to the paralytic poison either.

He retreated in a way so as to not leave any openings for the tentacles to exploit, trying to somehow escape. This was the only thing filling the knight's thoughts.

"Fufu... are they tasty? You know, that's also how your father got bigger, right?"

Frederica lovingly caressed the slime that had captured the first knight.

The color of its mucous shining in the lantern's faint light was a burnt brown. This dark brown-colored slime that looked dark even within the cave's darkness—this was a slime that Frederica had birthed.

Seeing Frederica touch the slime like that, the knight looked at her like he was seeing something that didn't make sense.

"Oi, mage—don't you get that that thing's a monster!"

"?"

Hearing him, Frederica glanced his way with a strange look in her eyes. Her gaze seemed to imply that she wondered what he was getting at.

"Yeah, it is."

"What do you mean 'yeah'—that's our enemy!"

Like that, she responded casually, her head tilted to the side.

She wasn't thinking along the lines of 'because it's a monster and I'm a human'. She was truly clueless what he'd meant.

"Why? Ah... come to think of it, us humans were trying to eradicate all monsters, weren't we?"

Even while saying something like that, Frederica continued caressing the slime.

Her eyes contained hints of beauty and tenderness—the eyes of a mother.

"It's alright. Mother here is your ally."

"—So you were corrupted by the monsters? Pitiful."

"Pitiful—? No, you're wrong."

Hearing the knight's words, Frederica smiled, a smile that lit up her whole face.

"I'm blessed—extremely so."

(Part 2)

At the time that Frederica was annihilating the knights, Fiana and her group was advancing further into the mine's interior.

Fiana stood in the lead, holding a lantern in her hand. Alfira and the adventurers advanced behind her, huddled together so as to protect Satia.

However, although they were taking every possible precaution, their progress went quickly.



"I don't feel any presences nor any mana... is the slime further inside?"

“... ..”

Satia felt uneasy due to Fiana’s lack of openings.

She knew what sort of existence knights were. Although there were some who brandished their title without a suiting capability to do so—there were definitely those who did.

As she had talked about with Frederica, it was possible that, perhaps, those coming to the mine this time were those that did have power. And indeed... the mana fluctuations she felt coming from Fiana were noticeably different compared to the people that Satia had met before.

They were even greater than Frederica’s—greater than Goshujin-sama’s.

Although she wasn’t too tall as a woman, her existence itself felt extremely large.

“Are you alright, Satia-san?”

Thinking that Satia looked tense, Alfira called out to her.

Satia responded by doing a simple nod as she continued walking so that she wouldn’t fall behind the group.

How much farther would they be going? Fiana looked like she still had a good amount of stamina left, but tinges of weariness began to appear on Alfira, the adventurers’ and Satia’s faces.

The speed they moved at began to slow down, so the dust and poltergeist voices that hadn’t irritated them much beforehand started to do so.

Satia herself was used to breathing there as she had grown accustomed to it, but it wasn’t like that for the rest of the group.

“Should we turn back soon?”

It was at the moment that Fiana suggested that.

The female elf suddenly pulled out her sword, stopping in her tracks and looking around. Her sword was clad in mana. Unlike the lantern’s light, its pale bluish light that centered on her illuminated the mine’s darkness.

The light’s quality and volume was clearly different from the mana blade the

male knights that were with Frederica.

“Prepare yourselves. It’s beyond here.”

Together with her voice, it felt as though the temperature fell.

No—

(Cold...?)

In fact, it was to the point that Satia and the adventurers shivered and got goosebumps.

However, there was no change in Alfira. She likely knew about Fiana’s attribute.

Like how Satia was compatible with the wind and fire attributes, and as how Frederica could use wind, fire, and earth attribute magic, mages had attributes.

Surely, Fiana was cold. Struck by Fiana’s mana, a slime about the size of a cow appeared from inside the mine.

“A Black Ooze... well, it’s an alright opponent.”

She didn’t hold up her sword, but she looked towards the slime in vigilance.

Satia took a step backward.

“There’s just one, but don’t let down your guard.”

Hearing that, Alfira and the adventurers drew their swords and paid attention to their surroundings.

Their behavior felt clumsy compared to Fiana’s, but even so, their response was quick. Facing the somewhat haphazard adventurers, the Black Ooze ignored Fiana and shot its tentacles toward them.

The tentacles moved at a speed that almost couldn’t be seen by the human eye—however, a flicker of an instant later, the tentacles were severed by the frozen sword, the severed pieces freezing.

With this, it was unable to make use of the droplets of paralytic poison that was the secondary effect of its attack. Moreover, it was unable to reform with the severed pieces even if it touched them again.

In this cave that they couldn't use the fire attribute in, there wasn't a more effective magic against the slime than this. Its liquid would be rendered useless if it was frozen, after all.

"It's alright. There won't be any problems if we stay calm."

Not even surprised by the tentacle's speed, Fiana said that.

Aiming at Fiana just after she spoke, the Black Ooze's tentacles rushed towards her.

Enough tentacles to blot out one's field of vision all aimed towards a single woman, but most were cut away and she easily avoided the ones that weren't severed.

The female knight jumped, kicking off of the rock wall to dodge. The front of her robe flapped in the air, her beautiful hair dancing.

The tentacles that were sliced off by Fiana fell to the ground, frozen through due to the chill produced by her mana.

The adventurers were looking at Fiana in admiration, but once deep blue slimes that were camouflaging themselves as rocks nearby began to move, they moved into a circular formation.

"Wasn't there just one!?"

"Don't panic! Leave the big one to Fiana-sama, we can't drag her down!"

One of the adventurers shouted at Satia that it was different from what they'd heard, but Alfira called out to him and the other adventurers to calm them down.

Fiana and the giant slime's ability was obvious. They believed that so long as they didn't drag her down, they would definitely win.

In truth, even Satia's doll-like expression was filled with surprise at Fiana's incredible skill.

Alfira stood in front of the adventurers, holding her shield up to protect them. The slimes' tentacles headed towards Alfira, but they were blocked by her shield and armor.

Sensing how things were going, a few more appeared from behind other rocks.

“Satia-san, cover us!!”

(... What should I do?)

Meanwhile, Satia was wondering about what she should do.

Even if she took action here, the possibility of neutralizing Fiana would be exceedingly low.

The difference in their power was too vast—she had to do something, causing her to panic.

Unlike Frederica, Satia wasn’t able to use much mana and was limited in what she could do.

Should she attack Fiana to distract her, or should she disempower Alfira and the others? As she thought about that, another slime dropped from overhead onto an adventurer.

He was wary of his surroundings, but he wasn’t able to properly cope with an attack from above and couldn’t react in time. However, although he avoided being crushed by dodging to the side, it ended up causing their circular formation to collapse.

Surrounded by slimes and split up, panic flourished among the adventurers.

“Huu—!”

Although Fiana was worried about the adventurers, she had her hands full in trying to neutralize the Black Ooze as quickly as possible.

Severing its tentacles, she gradually closed the distance between her and it. However, her progress was slow. The Black Ooze was a monster that had taken half of the livestock from the village at the mountain’s base, as well as upwards of twenty men.

As an existence that could change things that it absorbs into its own mass, unlike how it looked, it had far more mucus at its disposal compared to usual Black Oozes.

This was the Black Ooze's biggest weapon against Fiana and was the only way it outstripped her.

Would Fiana be able to freeze the slime's main body, or would her stamina run out before that?

—That balance continually tilted more in Fiana's favor.

She was accustomed to battling and was not careless. Her figure, jumping about as she dodged despite being so limited inside the cave, was both beautiful and impressive.

“... ..”

However, she had made a single miscalculation. Rather than the slime being Satia's enemy, it was her ally.

Satia picked up one of the tentacles that had been severed and left behind on the ground, frozen.

The girl could use fire and wind magic. Of what she could do with it, there wasn't much.

However, she was able to melt the frozen tentacle in her hand immediately.

“Satia, what're you doing!?”

One of the adventurers noticed what Satia was doing, but he was too late.

Immediately after he shouted that out, the black tentacle stretched out from the girl's hand and struck the three adventurers against the wall. It hadn't held back at all in this attack, so the place that the three men hit the wall had even cracked. The men died instantly, of course. They died with their blood flying out of all of their orifices.

Although the slime was only so large that it could fit in her palm, the mass it contained was nonsensical.

After that, the tentacle extended towards the three remaining adventurers and Alfira.

“Satia!?”

Alfira exclaimed, but she didn't respond, instead preparing her mana.

“... Wind.”

“Kuh!?”

The tentacle in Satia’s palm headed towards Alfira and the three others, but they managed to avoid it this time.

However, this time, a deep blue slime’s tentacle aimed at the point they would dodge towards ahead of time. The adventurers, feeling something wrong with their bodies just by being touched by it, fell into even further confusion.

Alfira was safe due to being protected by her armor, but Satia’s wind magic blew her away towards the rock wall, which she wound up colliding directly against.

She managed to avoid losing consciousness by clenching her teeth, but her body had grown numb from the impact and wasn’t responding properly.

Yet even so, she did her best to stand back up and—

“—Wh... at!?”

Unable to put any strength into her legs, she fell to her knees.

Due to the timing that she’d been blown away at, she had crushed a slime with her back.

Satia wasn’t safe either. Immediately after she blew Alfira away, she was blown away by Fiana’s wind magic.

As she was attacked just after she’d used magic and was thus defenseless, her small body rolled across the cave floor much like a leaf blown in the wind, crashing into the rock wall.

Fiana could tell that the girl had lived due to her fingertips moving faintly, but she didn’t appear to be conscious nor was she showing any signs of attempting to get up.

“Satia-san, why!?”

She shouted that, but her sword didn’t slow in the least.

She stood right between Alfira and the group of slimes, cutting down all of the tentacles heading towards them.



The adventurers had either fainted or were unable to move due to the paralytic poison. They weren't able to oppose the smaller slimes that slowly crept up towards them and were swallowed one after another.

Only able to allow herself a moment to look away at the situation, Fiana turned back towards the Black Ooze in vexation.

The situation had made a complete reversal due to Satia's interference. However, there was still a chance of it reversing yet again.

If Fiana could slay the Black Ooze and the other slimes, it would come to an end. Threatened by the cold-clad sword, the small slimes were unable to approach the two of them.

The only thing that she had to worry about was the Black Ooze.

“—Fiana-sama, don't worry about me!”

“Kuh...”

Alfira didn't want to hold Fiana back. If she could go all out and not have to worry about protecting her, she'd be able to win against these slimes by herself.

(If we weren't hindering her—)

She bit her lip.

A slime about the size of a lizard was crawling towards the knight's feet, it was a child slime.

The paralysis affecting her lower half was strong, so she still hadn't noticed it.

“—! It's still alright! We'll manage somehow, so—”

Fiana had said that to reassure her, but something unusual was happening to Alfira behind her.

“—!?”

Immediately holding back her voice, she covered her mouth with her right hand as it could still move.

For an instant, she didn't understand what was happening. However... she was convinced that something was on her lower half. She looked down in a panic. However, the only thing she saw was her usual armor.

The small slime had entered the knight's armor through its gaps and, as it had inherited its instincts from its father, struggled to reach the girl's lower half. Feeling something weird brushing against her lower half even though she was wearing both clothes and armor, her mind quickly fell into a state of panic.

(What!? What's going on!?)

Alfira's expression wasn't her usual composed one. She was startled and confused as she looked at her lower half.

Still protected behind Fiana, her lower half was licked by the slime. However, as her armor and clothes blocked her view, Alfira couldn't figure out what was happening.

Under such extraordinary circumstances, her paralyzed body wouldn't listen to what she told it to do. As she tried, the slime, pleased that its prey wasn't resisting, didn't hesitate in moving towards her genitals.

Even though she couldn't put any strength into the area, her thighs tightened up on reflex as the slime slid towards her crotch from the opening of her panties.

Even so, as the slime wasn't a solid object, something like that wasn't enough to stop it.

It gently licked her closed vagina.

"Hii—"

(Hiii!? W-wha—-I'm being licked!?)

Her thighs closed even tighter to resist the repulsing sensation. However, not paying her meaningless actions any heed, the slime continued licking her.

Feeling a mix of fear, confusion, and that repulsive feeling, Alfira's composure was snatched away. It was a miracle that she was able to keep her voice back so that she wouldn't alarm Fiana.

If she weren't numbed by the paralytic poison, she would have took off her armor to remove it.

Using Alfira's confusion, the slime started moving onto the next step. In addition to gently licking up and down the girl's labia, the slime extended a

tentacle towards the girl's modestly hidden clitoris.

With a shock, Alfira's body bent backwards. However, Fiana still hadn't noticed because of her struggle against the tentacles.

Looking at Fiana from being as she fought so desperately, Alfira did her best to suppress her voice. Tears collected in her eyes, seeming as though they might spill at any moment.

Her labia was being licked gently while her clitoris was stimulated from above its hood. Although Alfira was ignorant when it came to sexual things, she could understand what this intruder's goal was by its actions.

(Stop... stop it...!)

(Part 3)

At last, tears spilt from her eyes, running down her cheeks before falling. Even so, she didn't let her voice go out as she continued to desperately endure it.

Her thighs that had been trying to constrict the slime changed the way they were moving without her realizing it. She was now moving more like she was rubbing against it, her waist rocking back and forth slightly.

Her mature, womanly body couldn't help but begin to feel something in this extraordinarily abnormal situation the slime took advantage of.

It wasn't to the point that her juices were spilling out, but it still felt tantalizing, like foreplay. What dwelled in Alfira's body couldn't be called pleasure so much as a feeling of expectation.

“—, —!”

A slight clanking noise produced by her armor accompanied Alfira's twitching.

The brave female knight did her best to muffle the noise despite convulsing so that Fiana wouldn't notice.

Her labia relaxed slightly as it opened, the pleasure growing. Her sensitive spots being caressed, her body's trembling grew in intensity.

Going by the muffled voice coming from behind her gnashing teeth and the look on her face, she was in pain. However, going by her body's reactions, she was feeling pleasure.

She shot her weak hand up to cover her mouth as her waist convulsed greatly.

It wasn't even as though her breasts or whole body was being stimulated.

Just by the humiliation of the woman's greatest weak point being persistently teased, an indescribable emotion whirled within her chest.

A certain amount of time passed. She no longer felt so confused, but she continued to recite a phrase in her mind as though it were a curse.

(I won't forgive you, I won't forgive you, I won't forgive you—I absolutely will not forgive you!!)

Her gaze cast downward, her hatred for the slime increased with each passing moment as she desperately subdued her voice and endured the ever-increasing stimulation.

That emotion helped pin down the pleasant sensation as she stifled the heavy pants that tried to come from her mouth.

“Fuuu—”

Letting out a deep breath, she calmed down. She would endure until Fiana kills the huge slime. All she needed to do was resolve herself and hold out.

Starting to lick upwards, the devious slime went to stimulating her still hidden clitoris.

Decidedly never doing the same thing long enough to become monotonous, it alternated between teasing Alfira’s clitoris and her labia, not allowing her to get used to the stimulation.

However, that much was within Alfira’s expectations.

It could still be considered torment, but her clitoris and labia being stimulated could even be experienced with a human partner and was a **sensation she had experienced**.

That’s why—

“—!?”

(E-ehhh!?)

The feeling in her lower body was exceedingly dulled due to the paralytic poison. This was also one of the reasons why Alfira was able to endure.

That is, as her lower body’s senses were dulled, so were the stimulation she was given.

She’d gotten confused due to receiving stimulation from under her clothes and armor—not to mention the other party being a monster—but she was able to endure that confusion one way or another.

However—

“Wai—eh!? That’s—!”

“Alfira!?”

Suddenly, Alfira, who’d kept quiet this entire time, let out a loud voice.

Her voice was filled with surprise—and panic. She couldn’t help it, her instincts as a living being... as a woman, screamed.

Fiana reacted to her voice. It was both sudden and loud. She was concerned that something might have happened to her comrade’s body, but she didn’t have the time to check on her.

The tentacles coming from the Black Ooze spurred forward, a full ten or twenty tentacles darted straight for Fiana in an instant. Even so, all of them were cut into pieces and frozen into icy chunks before they reached the female elf.

(Hiiii!? That’s—that’s the wrong spot!!)

The place that the slime slipped into from the opening her slightly opened labia wasn’t her vagina—it was the modest opening that existed just above it... her urethra.

It wasn’t as though she couldn’t endure the pleasure... it was just that Alfira had never imagined that she would be stimulated at a spot like

The soft-bodied slime slipped into her tiny, tightly closed hole.

Normally, one would only feel pain by having their urethra thrust into. However, all Alfira felt was the sensation of a foreign substance moving into her, along with hatred and fear.

She felt the foreign substance move up her urethra the wrong direction. She felt fear by being attacked by a monster sexually. Furthermore—she felt fear that, despite even her urethra being penetrated, she felt no pain.

It was because of the paralytic poison dulling her senses. At least, that was the excuse Alfira used on herself.

“Wha...!? — F-Fia... n-no!?”

Far from being developed, places that hadn’t been used in this manner at all were now within the monster’s grasp.

Both of her hands reflexively shot downward to her crotch due to the excessively strange sensation. Her action did nothing and was meaningless, of course. However, to Alfira, it held some meaning. It had to, else she would feel as though there was nothing that she could do.

“A-ah, stop—nooo!?”

“Alfira, did something happen!? What—kuh!?”

The female elven knight couldn't miss the trembling in her comrade's voice, but her sword didn't cease cutting down the slime's tentacles.

She wanted to check to see what was happening with Alfira behind her but was unable. A sense of impatience sprouted within her chest. Being behind Fiana and seeing her begin to rush, Alfira's disordered mind fell into an even deeper confusion.

Let alone her erogenous areas, it was penetrating her urethra, a place for excretion. This absurd situation caused her to put even more strength into clamping down on her crotch.

Even so, the slime, now crushed by both her thighs and her hands, simply advanced further into its only path of escape—her urethra.

“Aaaaaaaah.”

It wasn't a loud scream, but a voice of despair that wound up being heard by Fiana, who stood directly in front of her.

Tears overflowing from her gallant, strong eyes, Alfira's face dyed red in shame as she ended up using more strength against the slime.

Pressed ever onward, the slime escaped into her insides while undulating as though to expand her thin urethra.

The breaths she let out were both shallow and short. Her breathing sounded like she was enduring pain, yet her expression was quite different.

Alfira looked down, her eyes wide as though surprised by something.

“Hah, hah, hah—”

Her tongue was sticking out as she gazed down, her breathing rough. She

appeared quite like a dog, but Alfira hadn't realized it.

Not even the slime had noticed the change in the female knight as it continued working on her urethra.

She was still putting minimal effort into trying to crush the slime that was focusing on her urethra, but the slime kept on undulating in attempts to further dilate her urethra.

How long could such a meager resistance last?

Unexpectedly, the undulating slime came across a sensitive spot it could torment that the girl hadn't thought of.

It had pushed up against her clitoris from within her urethra.

"Hiii!?"

Forcibly pushed out from under its hood, it was stimulated in a way she had never felt before—from being pressed up against by its source.

Frantically attempting to close her mouth, she tried closing her urethra with all her might.

However, Alfira already knew that something like that wouldn't be able to stop the slime.

Yet even so, the female knight had no choice but to continue with her meaningless resistance.

She didn't know what would happen if she stopped resisting—but it was exactly because she didn't know that she was so frightened.

"—on't lose—I won't loooose!"

Unable to close her mouth fully, saliva spilled from her mouth and made its way down her neck all the way to her chest, soiling it

For its next action, the slime exited her. The slime that had been pressing forward and was expanding her urethra suddenly and willingly pulled itself out.

"Ah—"

What she felt in that instant was hope and relief—as well as a faint feeling of loneliness, so faint that even she herself didn't notice.

After pulling out, the slime slid its way back into her still-expanded urethra, progressing at a speed much faster than before.

“Hyaaaah!?”

This **bliss** was much, much different from what a woman would feel from a man penetrating her vagina.

Having her excretory organ used for sex, a strange feeling of bliss assaulted Alfira.

Experiencing a pleasure so extreme that she’d never felt it before, the female knight wasn’t able to endure it and looked upwards to the ceiling.

Like that, her body went into convulsions as saliva dribbled from her mouth.

“A, ah—...”

In that moment, the strength she’d been using to tighten her urethra left her, the final shackle holding the slime back vanishing.

And so the slime continued onward inside—all the way to the place her urine accumulated.

At that point, she couldn’t do anything.

Forcibly opened by the slime, the climaxing Alfira lost the ability to close her urethra.

As a result—

(Part 4)

“H-hyah... n-no—noooo...”

She realized that the urine in her bladder was decreasing. She realized it—and realized that it wasn’t coming out from the spot it was supposed to come out from.

“N-no—no way...”

Realizing what was happening, Alfira’s face paled. It was being absorbed. Her urine... was being absorbed by the slime.

“S-stop!”

She screamed. Even so, her voice had already changed into one that sounded more coquettish than anything. Her urine taken into itself, the slime grew a small bit larger tried leaving through her urethra again.

This was frightening—it was frightening because she didn’t feel any pain at all. This was a proper reaction. Normally, a urethra wouldn’t be expanded as large as hers. Developed by the slime, it was expanded without causing her any pain due to the paralytic poison—Alfira’s body was modified.

Unable to close it so long as the slime was there, she was penetrated all the way to the spot where her urine accumulated.

The brilliant female knight was aware of that fact more than anyone else.

“P-please—get out, get oooooout!!!”

Hearing Alfira’s desperate pleas, Fiana’s attention momentarily shifted away from the slime. She’d finally looked away.

The slime would never miss that chance. Its tentacles seized not the sword that was clad in mana, but the hand holding the sword.

“Kuh!”

Although the magic sword could freeze the mucus tentacles, the thing they latched on to was the female elf’s wrist.

Once she was caught, she couldn't do anything with her strength as a woman. However, the female knight's expression still had some composure to it as she tried to drive back the Black Ooze with her mana and overwhelming sword skill.

Protected by her gauntlet, the paralytic poison's effect hadn't appeared yet.

She was worried about Alfira's change in tone, but she would first have to repel the slime before she could do anything.

Preparing her mana with that in mind, the surrounding area's temperature dropped sharply.

It wasn't visible due to the abandoned mine's darkness, but the rock walls began to frost over. The only area that was safe was the area surrounding Fiana.

This was a magic that didn't take collateral damage into consideration, the kind of magic that one wouldn't want to use if they had comrades in the area. It would end up freezing the adventurers that were taken into the slime as well.

That fact troubled her somewhat, but she herself didn't intend to die, nor did she intend to allow the still-living Alfira to die either.

Fiana went with the sole option that could lead to their survival. Even so, there was another existence other than the Black Ooze that had rushed into action before the surrounding area froze completely.

It was the part of the Black Ooze's body that had adhered itself to Alfira's armor. Although it had separated itself from the Black Ooze's main body, its will was the same.

Tearing itself off of Alfira's armor, it attacked Fiana from behind while she was concentrating on the magic.

"Eh!?"

The first thing she felt was a disgusting sensation on the nape of her neck.

The slippery foreign substance moved into Fiana's clothes as though it were falling down her neck.

"Eh, wh—what!?"

Her thoughts were thrown into chaos because of the gross sensation, but she managed to keep up maintaining the magic.

“Kuh—so this was what it was!”

What a disgusting monster!

Cursing the monster in her mind, Fiana tried emitting her mana even faster to freeze the slime even a second sooner.

The composure she’d had squaring off against the Black Ooze had already vanished.

She absolutely had to expel this monster as fast as possible.

The slime slipped down the female elf’s back, stimulated by its sense of purpose. As it moved, it felt to Fiana as though she was being licked.

“—!?”

Her body wound up reacting to it, but it couldn’t be helped. It was a physiological response.

Coming to that clear-cut conclusion, Fiana maintained her magic. Pleased that the woman wasn’t opposing it, the slime licked all over the woman’s back with its whole body, not bothering to even use its paralytic poison.

Pressing against her body with its thin tentacles, the slime followed a rhythm as it teased her back.

Fiana’s body trembled quite a number of times due to the slime’s caresses. Each time she trembles, the magic trying to freeze the Black Ooze weakened just a little. Even so, she endured it through sheer willpower.

The moment she realized that it was moving towards the underwear supporting her breasts that was so popular amongst noble women, it pulled on the bra’s string, causing her breasts to shake. As the bra’s string was pulled to the point that the bra no longer matched the size of her overly voluptuous breasts, she felt more a tightening oppression in her chest more so than pain.

“—Huu... obscene.”

Her breaths growing shallow, she looked quite lustful as she gulped back

saliva that tried to overflow from her mouth. She did not feel good. All she felt was disgust.

The willpower within her red eyes as she glared at the Black Ooze was strong. Still grasping the sword that was her proof as a knight, the female elf drove the slime back bit by bit.

Although the momentum behind the wave of cold lessened somewhat, it wasn't as though it disappeared.

(If I can just keep enduring—)

At the same instant that Fiana thought that, the slime's movements shifted.

It had only been licking her back up till now, but it moved. It tucked itself into her bra, heading towards her breasts that were squashed by her armor.

“—!!”

(... What a disgustingly filthy monster!)

Even so, Fiana thought this might happen. She didn't understand why it would do it, but the monster wanted to pleasure women.

Alfira was definitely surprised by its unexpected actions. She believed that she had let down her guard.

That's why she was able to predict that this monster would tease her breasts—as well as her lower body.

—This thought process of hers allowed Fiana to still hold the upper hand.

“Huu—uu...”

Her abundant breasts that were being crushed by her armor were being kneaded by the slime.

But that wasn't all, the slime extended its body to tickle her belly as well as lick her armpits.

She wasn't able to stop it because she was still gripping on to her sword, so she was at its mercy.

Even though she was the one driving their opponent into a corner, she was also the one being tormented. If she gazed down just slightly, she would see her

breasts swaying back and forth and undulating by the slime's movements.

"Kuh—"

At some point, her once-strained lips opened ever so slightly.

Her breathing was shallow, quick—and heated. Even though she really did feel disgusted by the slime, it was impossible for her to disregard the stimulation given to her breasts.

The mucus kneading her breasts and the obscene squishing sound it gave off also contributed to cornering Fiana. Her breasts were being violated. The sound alone informed her of that.

"H-ah—haah... nn."

Swallowing back her saliva, she ignored the stimulation welling up from her breasts. She had mostly frozen the slime right in front of her.

Once she freezes it all the way to its core, she would quickly peel off the slime sticking to her body and end it.

That was all.

Keeping that thought in mind, she continued maintaining her magic. However, the slime wouldn't stay still either.

Not having much experience in the area at all, its actions that exceeded what common sense said human intercourse was were visibly driving Fiana into a corner.

Her breasts were massaged, she was licked, and her nipples were being teased. She knew that her chest was much larger than most and that her nipples would be teased, but this slime's teasing was beyond her wildest expectations.

Her entire chest was licked at the same time, her breasts themselves wrapped around at their bases and squeezed, all the while her nipples were tickled and rolled around. If she had the presence of mind left to notice, the slime was gently massaging her nipples with tentacles just about the size of a finger. Never repeating the same kind of teasing for too long, it moved so that Fiana wouldn't become accustomed to it.

“This—nn... even though it’s—aaahn... just a monster...!”

If it weren’t for the Black Ooze’s tentacles, Fiana would very likely have already taken off her armor and rip off the trespassing slime.

At this point, the slime wasn’t simply licking her breasts alone, but also her defenseless navel and the rest of her femininely soft and toned abdomen.

Those spots hadn’t been licked in her entire life. This never-before-experienced pleasure gradually built up, bringing the beautiful elf knight ever closer to a climax.

(Th—this monster...!)

A pleasant throbbing began to fill her entire body.

Matured to maturity, the female elf’s body writhed as though to resist the pleasure. Her hair clung to her forehead due to her perspiration.

However, even so, she could still endure—at least, she should have been able to.

“N, fuah!?”

It stopped being as gentle as it had been. It started violently tormenting her breasts like it was trying to smother them.

The gentle massaging had tenderized her breasts, but now they were being dealt with violently, much like how clay would be kneaded. They were massaged roughly enough to fully change shape under her armor and clothes, but would try and return to their original shape in the next instant.

Fiana couldn’t possibly see it herself, but her cherry pink nipples were so hard that they were painful.

The slime, of course, wouldn’t overlook such a delicious weak spot—

“H-hiii!? —Uhuaa...”

She almost lost her grip on her sword as she desperately endured the assault, keeping her knees from hitting the ground.

However, her stance pigeon-toed while she tried to hold her ground. Her legs trembled and it was difficult for her to support her own weight.

Her scarlet eyes glared at the Black Ooze in tears, she kept her mouth that despised the monster closed and held back her panting.

Her long ears were dyed red in shame, yet even so, Fiana resisted it and kept standing upright.

(Hah—w-what the!?)

The shining light ahead of her tear stained eyes started to go out.

As expected given her current state, she'd already reached her limit at maintaining her magic.

Her legs that had once moved with a dancer's grace were now trembling, no longer able to perform any of those nimble movements. Even her dignified expression was distorted by pleasure.

"Huu—ah... kuh."

The slime continued violating Fiana's breasts, not holding back in the least.

Her kneaded breasts' tension was increased as they pressed up forcibly against her armor, enough to cause pain.

Yet even more importantly—

(My nipples—nip... n-not so violentlyyy!)

Pulled and tumbled about, they were assaulted so intensely that it was like the slime was trying to rip them off. Even so, her hate-filled body could only feel it as pleasure.

Her body convulsed each time it assaulted her breasts, informing just how intense she was being violated. Her eyes were moist, enough that the Black Ooze before her had blurred.

The flickering lantern light lit the beauty's bewitching gasps in the darkness, a sight that would cause any man to gulp back their saliva. However, the only thing to see this sight was the slime.

"S-so—i-intense... so, int—"

In a situation where it could be said that her even keeping upright despite her lower half's trembling was a miracle, she absolutely wouldn't let go of the

sword that was her proof of being a knight.

She refused to surrender her pride as a knight.

It was impossible for that pride to coexist with the pleasure, tormenting the female elf. The pleasure of that torment cut its way into her body.

(T-this—slime, even though... it's just... a slime!!!)

Her twin hills that held a boastful elasticity warped left and right, bouncing as though they were dancing, distorting her clothes.

Fiana's breasts, things that should've been naught but lumps of fat, dyed her thoughts in pleasure, torturing her.

If it weren't for the Black Ooze's tentacles coming at her, she probably would have dropped her sword by that point.

The slime's torment was skillfully driving the woman mad.

"N-no—stop, please... stop..."

Pleas for it to stop came from her mouth. They were certainly done unconsciously, they weren't something that Fiana wanted.

Because a knight must never do something so feeble as surrendering to a monster.

Even so, Fiana's female part disagreed.

It understood that she couldn't take any more. It sensed that she wouldn't be able to endure it if it continued further.

Therefore, in order to defend the part of her named Fiana, her female part unconsciously pleaded for it to stop.

"... Stop, please—!"

There was still a strength in her voice. However, the slime wouldn't listen to her.

Just like milking a cow, it forcibly pulled on her nipples from their bases.

Still licking her navel and armpits, places that hadn't been stimulated until this day, it sucked up the sweat flooding down into her cleavage.

“That’s... no—”

(This slime...)

It wasn’t as though her vagina was penetrated. It hadn’t even touched the woman’s greatest weakness.

Even so, the convulsions in her body grew ever more intense as her posture slumped forward.

Still holding her sword—her proof as a knight—her butt was pushed out behind her with her feet pigeon-toed inward. Her face was warped in pleasure.

—That was as far as she could last.

(It’s so much—more than I...!)

“I-I’m cummmiiiiing—! A-huuu...”

Fiana fell forward as-is once the temporary paralysis from climaxing ran out.

The cold mana she was preparing scattered.

However, the surface of the Black Ooze was frozen, so it couldn’t move right away.

Behind Fiana, Alfira continued convulsing while her urethra was being penetrated.

Even while fainting, Fiana’s breasts continued to be ravished.

Satia was unconscious due to Fiana’s magic.

And the Black Ooze and the other slimes were turned into lumps of ice.

But no sooner than cracks started appearing on the lumps of ice, mucus began overflowing from the cracks, causing them to instantly return to normal.

To kill the species known as a slime completely, simply freezing it wasn’t enough. After that, it was necessary to burn them until they evaporated.

—And so the Black Ooze obtained new mothers to give birth.

Chapter 6: A Pleasuring Corruption

(Part 1)

“Ku—hu, uu—nnaaa!”

Both of her hands restrained above her head, the female knight—Alfira—writhed her waist back and forth as though to endure something.

Her purple hair matched the rhythm created by her waist, thrumming as her hips moved seductively. However, she wasn’t looking straight ahead of her, but rather the ceiling and the surrounding rock walls.

She did her best to not look at what was happening right before her.

The white knight Fiana was in a spot a little ways away from her. Her arms were similarly bound overhead, but she appeared to be unconscious, not even twitching.

“There! Right there! Deep—deeper!”

“Nn, haah—my boobs, don’t stop...”

In front of the girl were two women, one with silvery hair, the other with blonde hair, that were being ravished by mucus monsters.

A tentacle as large a child’s arm was shoving itself into Frederica forceful enough to lift her heels from the ground.

Let alone her hips, each time she was pressed into with enough vigor to penetrate her body, her breasts shook violently. This was a sight that would certainly cause any man to burst in carnal lust just by being there, but as a woman that would soon be having the same thing done to her, she couldn’t take the sight of it.

Meanwhile, Satia didn’t have a tentacle inserted into her. Instead, her lower body was being caressed by the Black Ooze’s tentacle while her tiny chest was licked and massaged by the child slimes.

Covered by the translucent slimes, the nipples atop her modest breasts had

grown considerably large. The imbalance gave off a rather obscene feeling.

Satia let out her voice while watching her own nipples being kneaded and pulled on through the slime.

Both of the women were being ravished while standing in the same way as Alfira, but they were different from the knight. They stood of their own will, accepting it. Their stances widened to shoulder width so as to not fall down, their sensitive bodies accepted even the slimes' slightest movements. And above all—they moaned in pleasure with their mouths wide open.

All of this added together into something that Alfira simply couldn't understand.

“—Nn, huu...”

Being shown the two treated like that, Alfira's lower half was being tormented by the slime who was even now still inside her urethra.

The slime's paralytic poison was still affecting Alfira, but its effects had weakened considerably.

She felt some strength in her legs now, she could even move them about freely as they weren't restrained.

However, the female knight, knowing full well that she should escape, simply kept biting her lips to hold back her voice while rubbing her thighs together, enduring this hellish shame.

People being raped by monsters was an extraordinarily abnormal spectacle.

Moreover, people that accepted the monsters' advances and immersed themselves in the pleasure.

Be it in ferocity or in tenderness, it was at a level that no human male could ever achieve.

To a normal person like Alfira, far from understanding and embracing it, they would feel disgust.

Unable to look straight on at the spectacle, the female knight deviated her gaze away from them, enduring it all while biting her lips.

“Fuuaah—”

It also looked like Alfira was feeling the torment her urethra was receiving. A stimulation absolutely unobtainable and unsavorable through living an ordinary life assaulted the female knight.

If her hands were free, she might have covered her ears and curl up in a corner of the room to tremble. Humans were being raped by monsters, accepting their advances, and even her own urethra was being expanded. Seeing this reality play out, it was obvious that she wouldn't want to hear anything and push it all from her mind.

The sound of the two women's passionate cries penetrated the female knight's ears as the slime violating her urethra continued incessantly caused her to feel a dull sensation.

Now drenched by her own love juices, her trousers felt gross to wear. Her armor and sword were taken from her when she was brought here and left back in the cave. She didn't know where they were.

Insecure about being left in only her thick clothing, Alfira did her best to avoid looking at the lunacy in front of her while holding back her voice.

“Nnaah! A-aaah!! —Cu-cumming... p-please, no moooooore!!”

Her beautiful blonde hair spread out, Frederica's bewitching body arched back for an instant. Following that, she spasmed strangely a few times much like she'd broken.

Her breasts, so alluring that they were attractive even for women, shook from her spasms. They were constricted by tentacles as though they were being milked in the next moment, however.

“Huaaaah!? O-ow—b-but I'm still...!”

Her still-convulsing body was prodded and pressed into so as to keep it rocking up and down. Matching this, the slime also continued massaging her breasts while it tugged on and kneaded her nipples.

Her screams expressing just how intense of a climax she'd reached, the beauty's expression reddened further from the pleasure, her tongue thrust out

as she panted like a dog.

That the beauty had to be accepting the intense torment because she wouldn't be able to stand without the slime's restraints flickered through Alfira's mind.

She wasn't permitted to collapse. This woman dripping with so much love juices and saliva couldn't be the same person as before.

Alfira thought about how normal sex would finish once the man and woman climaxed one time. She didn't have experience in the matter, but she did know about it.

She knew about the listlessness that would follow a climax, causing hesitancy towards doing it again. Even so, despite Frederica climaxing and saying as much, the Black Ooze showed no signs of stopping.

How long would it continue? By the way things were going, she would die by cumming too much. Despite appearing to realize that, Frederica looked as though she would accept anything that came.

"... .."

In that manner, she was brought to a climax over and over again, never once looking as though her being ravished was against her own volition.

Her entire body teased by the tentacles, the woman's most vital area was pierced so forcefully that it looked like she might break. It was a kind of sex where she was used like a doll.

This was something that didn't exist in Alfira's knowledge, it was an unknown kind of sex.

"—ah."

Realizing that she'd been captivated by Frederica's voice at some point, Alfira hurriedly avoided her gaze.

She was embarrassed that she'd wound up so entranced by it.

(I have to get away somehow...)

"Nnaaah!?"

But at that moment, the slime in her urethra began to move back and forth. Her body had already grown heated by seeing what was being carried out on Frederica and Satia, so her whole body trembled forcibly.

She didn't pee herself because her bladder was emptied earlier, but she heard the squishing of other secretions overflowing from her vagina.

She wanted to cover her ears after hearing those lewd sounds coming from her own body, but the tentacle restraining her hands didn't loosen.

She wanted to escape from this hell as soon as possible.

This place frightened Alfira. Monsters were this world's enemies. Yet there were people that would accept those very monsters' ravishing.

Moreover, they were right in front of her. Women **just like her** were accepting these monsters' advances.

She was unbearably afraid.

Afraid that she herself might become like these women.

Even so, despite being made of mucus, the tentacles holding her wrists restrained overhead were strong. Alfira's slender arms couldn't break the restraint.

She only felt a disgusting sticky feeling each time she tried breaking it.

"A-ah—d-don't suck on my boooobs..."

The next thing to reach Alfira's ears was the opposite of Frederica's bestial breathing, it was Satia's childish voice.

Caressed by the Black Ooze and various colored slimes, the girl didn't seem to feel any pain at all as her breasts were massaged. The only emotion she could hear in her voice was pleasure.

Her legs trembled slightly as she received the caresses to her chest, so the slight stimulation in her breasts must have been beyond gentle.

Although her small breasts were being rubbed, their shape only changed a little. She could see the girl's nipples through the mucus. They were being stretched out and pressed in so strongly that they looked like they might break

off.

Again, this was something rather obscene.

Her immature body smeared with mucus, she looked like she'd been tainted by the pleasure and fell from virtue.

"Goshujin-sama... Satia, too... do it to Satia toooooo..."

She looked like she might collapse for an instant when her restraints were removed, but a tentacle kept her from falling by gently grabbing her. Rather than restraining her hands, it didn't allow her to fall by restraining her waist.

Her now-free hands tried shooting towards her crotch, towards her most vital spot as a woman, as she was unsatisfied by the light pleasure she'd received thus far.

The girl looked cute, like a doll, but after seeing her succumb to the pleasure and try to start comforting herself, Alfira gulped.

However, a tentacle captured her right hand, not allowing it to reach her vagina. Some of her silvery hair that was tied into a side tail clung to her cheek, her doll-like expression giving off a feeling of allure.

"... Please, mercy..."

Spreading her legs that were still being caressed by the black tentacles, she thrust out her waist and, with a much too wretched stance for a girl as beautiful as Satia... she invited the tentacles in.

Yet even so, the female knight could only see a youthful bashfulness in the expression of the girl doing such an embarrassing pose. The gap between the girl's body and her expression caused the mood to feel even more abnormally immoral.

"—uaaah! Aaah, aaah!!"

An unsuitably large tentacle pushed its way into the flower that was of a matching size to Satia's body.

Secretions dribbled out from her, trailing down her thin legs and creating a pool of its own in the ground.

Unable to endure its insertion, her small body shook and her knees gave out. Her vagina spread to the limit, her face looked like she was in pain.

Yet although Satia still did her best to stay standing, it was clear that she was at her limit.

The mucus tentacles wrapped around her seemed almost kind as they supported her.

“Goshujin-sama—th-there! All the way iiiin!!”

Satia’s limit had already been reached.

She was still lacking in sexual experience and the depth of her vagina wasn’t too large, so the tentacle reached her deepest point immediately.

When the entrance of her womb—what could be called a woman’s greatest weak point—was pressed again, her small body went into some incredible spasms as she climaxed.

And, just like with Frederica, the torment didn’t end even after she climaxed.

“Nnaa!? Huuu, haaah! Aaah!! Aan—aaaaah!!”

Rather than being pierced forcibly like Frederica was, Satia was handled ever so carefully.



Even now, the sensation of having a foreign object in her urethra still

assaulted the knight.

Unavoidably, she began to feel **unsatisfied**—

(Part 2)

(I have to get away... before, before...)

“Haah, haah—nn, fuuu... ah...”

Still being shone the two women’s passion, Alfira attempted to remove the restraints on her arms in a panic.

The teeth that she once used to bite her lips were now wide open, her mouth letting out heated, shallow breaths.

Her white teeth played with the light, her small tongue just barely visible beyond them.

Blushing all the way to and including her ears, it was practically a miracle that her eyes maintained a glimmer of clarity—because her expression had already been warped by lust.

“Haah—stop, get oooout...”

The continuous, dull sensation stimulating her urethra was annoying. She wanted to try and run, but her mind trying to endure it was being worn away little by little.

Her wrists’ thrashing was slowly but surely beginning to lessen, her waist’s spasming conversely becoming faster.

The carnal desires making it past the knight’s will influenced her body. Forced to urinate, her body now anticipated the pleasure she’d soon be feeling.

“Damn, dammit—Haahn... no, no...!”

Alfira, desperately struggling to remove her restraints, started to repeat the same word over and over in delirium.

Even so, her movements were awfully dull compared to when she first started. She couldn’t even put any strength into her fingers by now.

Yet even so, the reason she didn’t give up on her will to escape was because she feared that she would die not as a knight, but as a woman.

Alfira didn't even want to imagine what it would be like to be raped like those two women.

The female knight that only knew about standard sexual intercourse, even in the stories she'd heard, what was playing out before her eyes was—

Something entirely unknown to her.

She looked towards Fiana, who was still fainted.

It was at that moment.

“Uuaaahn!?”

The slime inside her urethra began to thrust back and forth with an unprecedented intensity.

Worked on by the slime, her urethra had grown around large enough for a thin rod to fit inside it.

In a state where her crotch was stimulated even with her clothes still on, she'd failed and became fully aroused.

She was unable to hold back her panting due to the sudden thrill shooting through her. Her eyes rolled back into her eyelids as her voluptuous body convulsed many times over.

Her vision wavered. She even lost feeling in her body, so while her eyes continued forcing their way upward, she left everything to instinct and kept convulsing.

“Uu—ah...”

(N-no—no way... I-I... c-came...?)

Just how long did she convulse for?

An instant? Several minutes?

The usual dull, painful sensation still stimulated the woman, so she would wind up going through intermittent, smaller spasms.

However, getting somewhat used to that stimulation, she calmly thought about her current state.

She'd cummed. Climaxed. Orgasmed.

Like the time she confronted the Black Ooze in the cave, she was forced to feel it despite a state of extreme confusion.

Conscious that her urethra was being violated as she watched the two women having sex—she'd climaxed as a woman.

Dumbfounded, she realized that—and tears spilled from her eyes.

“Haa—uahnn!? W-wait—I'm—!”

The slime's piston-esque movements accelerated once again. She could no longer even see any of the other women.

Her eyes shut tight as she bit down on her lip hard enough to cause herself pain. She did her best in trying to bear the pleasuring assaulting her body.

The slime responsible for giving her that pleasure forcibly and violently pressed its way inside her.

Already developed from its opening all the way to her bladder and even despite feeling a sharp pain due to its intensity, her urethra felt it as pleasure.

A licentious liquid made its way out of her yet-untouched vagina, wetting her underwear and trousers.

Her waist ignored what she told it as it convulsed.

Although Alfira started struggling with a renewed vigor due to the slime's sudden brutality, she couldn't remove the restraints on her wrists.

“Nna-aaah!? S-stop iiit!? Don't moooooove!!”

The fingers she'd been using to attempt to remove the restraints cramped as well. She was unable to put any strength in them.

Additionally, her body once again succumbed to the pleasure rushing into her through her urethra. Unable to defend against the surging tides, she fell back into a violent fit of convulsions.

“Ah—-!?”

Unable to withstand it, she reached her second climax.

A short cry making its way from her mouth, her head fell back as her eyes rolled up under her still-closed eyelids.

She forced her eyes open. The walls around her were covered in slime mucus that played with the scant amount of light. However, she didn't pay attention to any of that.

Still dazed, she was only able to think about the reality of her climaxing one time after another.

"A-ah—n-no... st—p..."

Her voice did contain pleasure, sure... but it also housed a strong fear.

She was frightened.

Even Alfira had experienced masturbation many times over. However, she'd never climaxed back to back.

She was able to satisfy herself by reaching it once and could cool down any sudden flashes of arousal by doing her work as a knight.

Therefore, this was the female knight's first consecutive climax... and it planted a seed of excitement and fear into her.

Alfira looked down in a panic. She was crying from the aftershocks of her climax and gulping back the saliva that had pooled in her mouth as she looked at the lower half of her body.

She wasn't able to stop her waist from spasming. She couldn't put any strength into her body that had just climaxed.

—And she couldn't withstand the pleasure.

Despite still being clothed, she currently felt even more embarrassed than if she were nude.

Desperately biting down on her lip, she tried tightening her urethra to stop the slime.

"Stop, stop stop stop stoooooop!!!"

Still pleading frantically, she put everything she had into her lower body.

The more she tried to stop it, the more powerful a strange feeling within her

lower abdomen became. The pleasure she obtained from it became stronger and stronger as well.

Even though she knew somewhere in her mind that this wouldn't stop what was about to happen, she couldn't stop trying. She put every last drop of willpower and strength she had into trying, so much so that her vagina and hips started to tremble strangely—yet even so, the outcome wouldn't change. It would only delay the inevitable a mere few seconds.

The discomfort in her urethra grew as time passed. Together with a painful sensation in her bladder—the slime rushed into her bladder.

“—...”

She couldn't speak. No sound came out. She didn't know what had just happened. She could only sense a feeling of freedom in her abdomen as her body lost all strength. Even her expression grew loose to match her body. In a matter of seconds, she went from looking like an adult woman to having a shameful expression on her face.

Unable to see the way she looked in this place without mirrors, Alfira was sighing heated breaths due to the extremely pleasant sensation coursing through her from that feeling of freedom.

“Aah... aaah...”

The voice was muddled.

Whose voice was it?

She didn't know who that voice came from as she laid there with an unfocused gaze.

All she knew... was that she felt good.

It was too great a pleasure to be some ordinary climax. That climax invaded her mind like a deadly poison, blowing away even the sense of disgust she felt.

Her waist's quivering didn't settle down for a while. Even those small movements would reverberate in her bladder, causing her to feel even more pleasure.

“Aaah...”

Various body fluids leaked from her, telling that she'd reached complete ecstasy.

*

Consecutively brought to a climax from an excretory organ that she should never have felt pleasure from... Alfira, finally coming to, was frightened.

(A-again!?)

As though it were waiting for Alfira to return to consciousness, the slime inside her urethra resumed its activities.

As for why it felt even more oppressive than before, that was because it had absorbed the **juice** that she'd been collecting within her bladder.

It wasn't that she could check its size, but she suddenly felt that her urethra and bladder might be pulled out altogether.

Her tongue thrust out, her own voice joined the other two in the abandoned mine's darkness.

Her body's sensitivity had increased after climaxing, allowing her to feel the slime inside her urethra even more.

She didn't just feel its violent back and forth motions, but even the ripples in the surface of its liquid body. She was getting close to climaxing yet again.

She knew that this one would compel her to a sense of hopelessness, but she was helpless to stop it.

She couldn't endure even after trying to endure. She couldn't escape even after trying to escape.

"No, no, nooooo!!"

Already convulsing for some time now, her lower body went into even more fervent convulsions.

A voice dyed in fear erupted from her throat.

"A-aaah!? Hii—s-sto... ooop!?"

The female knight was being tormented.

The convulsions assaulting her body grew ever more intense with no end in sight.

(Part 3)

The same was happening with her gasping. No longer having even a shred of intention in holding them back, she continued with exclaiming.

(No, no—stop, stop iiiit!!!)

She thought that, but the only things making their way from her mouth were meaningless gasps.

Looking at Frederica and Satia, the only thing Alfira felt was despair as she brought to a climax by her urethra.

(I-I'm not, I'm not like them—aaaaah!!)

Not like them. Alfira repeatedly shouted in her mind that she wasn't like those women that had accepted the monsters.

However, her body was accepting the slime's urethral torture. She no longer even felt pain from it.

Her head hung while her waist kept shaking from the crystal clear pleasure.

"H-hah... Haah-haaaah—"

That dull, pleasant feeling stimulated her from the inside.

Her purple hair sticking to her cheek felt gross.

—Just then, the tentacle that was restraining her wrists let go. Alfira, unable to put any strength into her lower half after being brought to a climax so many times, simply fell to the ground.

Her eyes closed in anticipation for the pain of her cheek hitting the slime-wetted ground, but what she felt was a soft sensation.

When she opened her eyes, she saw a bed of black mucus under her.

"Ah—"

Alfira sat up, her knees and bottom still touching the mucus bed. [\[1\]](#)

Her shoulders moved up and down violently. Her eyes were wet dull due to the pleasure, the sharpness they'd once had gone.

And more than anything—even without the paralytic poison, her lower body had gone numb from the excessive pleasure.

Her waist even ignored what her mind told it to do and continued convulsing.

“A-ah...”

Suddenly, the monster, something she should have hated, shoved its tentacle right in front of her.

Moving it as though to show it off—it exposed its majesty to Alfira.

(Something like that’s—inside... them...)

Gulp.

Alfira swallowed back her saliva.

Her womb throbbed slightly. Her quick, shallow gasps gradually intensified.

However, that was something Alfira herself hadn’t noticed.

Even though she gazed at the tentacle as though she was about to dig in, she didn’t do anything—she kept waiting for the tentacle to take the next step.

It had developed her urethra and it had shown her the two lust-blinded women.

She was also made to instinctively understand the concept *having sex with a monster*.

Through her womanly body, this monster made her understand that it was an existence unimaginable for humans. It was one that gave pleasure through intercourse.

What sort of thing was rape?

She’d been taught that as well.

That’s why—

“S-stop...”

Her resistance was feeble, so much so that it surprised even her.

It wasn’t the voice of a knight—but a woman. Alfira felt it.

She *felt it.

It wasn't the voice of a knight that hunted monsters—it was the voice of a woman that was frightened of being raped. She didn't have any armor on. She didn't have a sword in her hand. Right then, she was a woman. Not a knight.

“Stop i—nnn!?”

Her second try at resisting was put to a stop by the disgusting feeling of the tentacle entering into her cleavage.

Making the best use of its characteristically slimy self, it moved through the valley that was pressed tightly together by her clothes.

Continuing on ravaging them, it wrapped around both of her breasts.

Alfira didn't know exactly what was happening since it was happening under her clothes, but she could feel a slimy sound coming from her breasts.

“Kuh—g-gross...!”

That was a lie.

Even though they were being jostled about roughly, rather than pain, they only conveyed a dull sense of pleasure.

Because she didn't know what was happening, because it was happening under her clothes, because of the lewd sounds, she felt like she was being treated with as an object. The feeling that she could not resist was carved into her body.

She at least tried grabbing her own breasts with her now-free hands to hold them in place.

“Uu—nnn!”

However, she wasn't able to stop them, nor capture the tentacle from above her clothing.

Dexterously maneuvering away from the hands trying to catch it, the tentacle continued ravishing Alfira's soft skin.

From a third person's point of view, her grabbing her own breasts made it look like she was masturbating.

In fact, the stimulation from her own hands was something that Alfira couldn't ignore.

While the mucus tentacle gently stimulated her skin, her own hands massaged her breasts intensely.

“Haah, haah!! C—c-cumming agaaaaain!?”

“Huuu—ha, hah... m... mooore—”

Frederica's intense panting and Satia's sweet whispers tickled Alfira's ears.

And more than anything—

“Kuh—haah... Nn, nuu...”

She certainly heard her own heated sighs as well.

The pleasure from her urethra's violation, the stimulation from her massaged chest, and the panting making its way to her ears. Each and every one of those aroused the woman named Alfira.

The two hands she'd been using to try and catch the tentacle had, at some point, stopped at her breasts. Her thighs were rubbing against each other, unsatisfied.

Tears overflowed from her eyes as saliva overflowed from her parted lips.

(Shit, shit—for me to... in a place like this...)

She cried out of regret, the tears flowing down her cheeks.

But her emotions were of no concern to the Black Ooze.

This slime was a monster after all. It didn't care about what humans felt. It giving them pleasure—that was only to bring the mothers into peak condition.

“Kuh... stop it!”

The tentacle that had been violating her chest abruptly moved much more violently.

However, the female knight realized that it wasn't done in order to give her further pleasure.

Even after moving in a way that would certainly tempt a man, she wasn't able

to escape the slime's goal.

“Noooooooo!?”

Her clothes were ripped open from the inside.

With her thick clothes and tight shirt that had been binding her breasts out of the way, the slime was exposed to her eyes.

Not only did the tentacle become visible, but so did her slimy breasts which smelled of a woman in heat. They quivered, undulated, and showed off just how soft they were.

However—

“Y-you! —I will definitely... kill you!!”

—Her nipples. The things that should have been on her breasts were nowhere to be seen.

She had bountiful breasts, with slightly large areola—but she didn't have any nipples, just a horizontal line on each breast.

(I was seen—by a monster—!)

For Alfira, her chest was nothing other than a complex—she had inverted nipples.

Even though it was a monster, she felt anger at someone else seeing—and sadness.

Although she had associated with several men, none of them were alright with Alfira's breasts.

For the female knight, she understood that her breasts were different from others'. And that hers weren't normal.

Men's desired would cool after seeing her chest, never advancing beyond that. That's why she only had a meager amount of knowledge concerning sex.

Usually, when seeing something different, people would be vigilant.

But that was simply just something people cared out. As far as the Black Ooze was concerned, it was trivial.

Now that Alfira was only wearing trousers, it extended a tentacle towards Alfira's chest.

"Nn."

Changing away from the manner it had been using thus far, it started massaging her chest gently, like how it did with Satia.

Her well-developed breasts changed shapes as it played with them, causing no small amount of slimy noises.

Seeing only her chest being used as a plaything, little-by-little, Alfira began to move her own waist. Even she hadn't realized that, however.

And above all—

(My nipples, they're—)

Throbbing. They throbbed. She was going to break. If this kept on, she felt that she'd break.

That premonition filled Alfira's mind.

Although she was trying to hold on to the tentacle with her hands, it were made of mucus and she was therefore unable to restrain it. It just made another obscene, slimy sound.

The tentacle was treating her breasts like toys even as she was gripping on to it. Hidden within her breasts, her nipples were throbbing ever more strongly.

"S-stop—"

She kept trying to catch the tentacle despite not being able to hold on to it, causing her breathing to roughen further.

Her body's sensitivity had increased after climaxing several times, so Alfira was currently aroused to a level she'd never been before.

(Why, am I—)

Why was she feeling this from a monster? Unable to even think the taboo, she felt worse than a wretched beast.

Monsters were the enemies of humanity. Humanity hunted monsters. That was the way of the world.

At the very least, Alfira would say that all of humanity other than the two being pleased right before her were like that.

(I'm not—like... them—)

She had to be different.

Even if she was brought to climaxing by this monster, even if she felt pleasure, even if she was violated by it—she was different.

A haze filled her mind.

Her thoughts were clouded.

Ignoring her intentions, her body convulsed and the inside of her chest grew pained.

Alfira knew this feeling. It was the sign of something that was engraved on her body this day—the sign she was about to cum.

(W-why—)

She clenched her teeth, shut her eyes... and tried to stop panting.

Footnotes:

- She's sitting [like this](#). [Return](#)
- The 'gross' here holds the double meaning of 'this doesn't feel good'. While it means both, I couldn't exactly use the latter. She's supposed to barely be able to speak at this point. However, please note that the following lines refer to the 'this doesn't feel good' meaning as well. [Return](#)

(Part 4)

Driven this far, it was likely impossible for her to endure the climax. As someone with little experience—no, as someone with no experience in being exposed to the pleasure a monster could bring, it was impossible for Alfira.

Even so, the reason she did her best at trying to endure it was because natural for her to do so as a human who had devoted their body and soul to living as a knight.

That pride, that dignity, is what tried to support Alfira and keep her going.

But such a trivial thing as that was of no concern to the slimes.

As far as the slimes were concerned, whatever feelings or disgust the female body's owner held towards them were inconsequential.

That's why however long Alfira tried enduring, persevering, and denying it all, what the Black Ooze would do wouldn't change.

“Uuuuun—”

The tip of a tentacle that was massaging Alfira's breasts became thinner right before her eyes.

This was also something that humans couldn't do.

As for what the string-like, thinned tentacle aimed for, well, its target was the peak of one of her well-developed breasts—her nipple, ever-so-hidden within her modest areola.

“Kuh, stop it!”

Restrained by the tentacles, her upper body shook violently as she tried to escape from them. It was almost as though she'd just remembered she should do so.

However, the tentacles' restraint was still strong. After climaxing over and over, her body wasn't able to use even half of its normal power and she was unable to escape.

In the end, she stopped trying to the point that the only things still shaking

were her long purple hair and her rich breasts.

At the very least, her current attempts at escaping that now caused her plentiful chest to sway could now only be seen as her attempting to entice a man.

“... O-ow—”

It was only advantageous to the side that was doing the restraining.

When the tentacle constricting her breasts did so more forcibly, she—who’d given up her struggles to that extent—looked pathetic.

The thinned tentacle held itself in front of the horizontal slit on her right breast—and aimed towards the nipple hidden within.

“Nuuh...”

Unable to look away from the it, she bit her lip.

In her preparations to hold herself back from moaning, she had no room to mind her expression. Her eyes were open wide, her mind concentrated on her inverted nipples that she had a complex about.

If she couldn’t escape, she had no choice but to endure.

In her ears were voices from two other people.

The knight order had set out in order to investigate this mine, so there would definitely be a search party sent out if they didn’t return.

So until that time came, she just needed to endure.

As though she’d forgotten about her consecutive climaxes up till that point, her expression—while still displaying some dread—held a strong will.

At that moment, as if waiting for Alfira to properly prepare herself, the thin tentacle slithered into the thin hole on her areola, tickling her inverted nipple.

“Nguuuh!?”

But just that was enough to cause her body to jolt upward. Alfira was unable to even control her own body’s reaction to something as simple as that.

That stimulation was a rather unknown shock to Alfira. Not having any friends

with inverted nipples themselves, she wasn't able to consult anyone about it, nor had she done something as extreme as touching them herself.

When the viscous tentacle infiltrated her hole by making use of its characteristics, a sharp pain bashed against Alfira's mind.

She had been alive for twenty-seven years. During that time, she had never once touched her nipples and had never felt this sort of stimulation.

Her nipple, sensitive to the point of rivaling her clitoris, gave Alfira so much pleasure that it resembled pain.

"Stop, stop it! That's—"

Conscious that her eyes had grown wet, she still tried to resist, her confidence still there.

However, the lips she'd been biting down on to suppress her voice parted. Instead of a moan, what came from her mouth was a demanding voice for the sake of preserving herself.

She desperately tried to drive the tentacles out of her inverted nipple by moving her body, but the stimulation she received merely intensified with each shake.

Even so, she couldn't keep quiet. The stimulation to her nipple was simply too strong. She had comforted herself in the past through her vagina and clitoris, but never with her nipples.

The opposite might be true if she were an ordinary woman. However, as this was the first time Alfira's nipples had ever been stimulated, she wasn't able to come up with a way to endure the stimulation and simply continued to shake her body in a futile attempt to drive away the tentacles coiling themselves around her breasts.

This created a rather vicious cycle. A dull pleasure spread through her breasts with each and every shake as well as intensifying the stimulation to her nipple that was being licked and teased within her breast.

"Hu, uuun. H-hah—sto-stop it, please..."

This time, a second tentacle appeared, aiming towards her left breast. This

one was also thinner than a human finger.

Alfira knew what this meant.

(Cut it out! Stop—)

It wasn't the self-assured voice of a knight that. It was one of a woman.

It slipped in.

Together with that, a noise came from inside her wettened pants.

"Hiii..."

The slime inside her urethra resumed its activities.

Her attention focused on her breasts, it was practically a surprise attack. Unable to even have enough time to think about the matter, she tightened around the tentacle inside her urethra. As a result of her tightening, she felt the sensation of the tentacle moving inside her urethra all the stronger.

It was as though the slime knew the moment that Alfira's mind had a gap in its armor.

Like the caresses up to this point was mere child's play, the tentacle wrapping around her whole body came alive.

"Sto-p—it!"

Her urethra violated from under her pants, her naked upper body's breasts were tormented.

Her mind had even stopped working properly for a moment.

Her mouth stayed open as though she'd forgotten to close it. Drool dripped out of it, moving along her lips. Her breasts were covered with mucus as the tentacles continued massaging them.

Her vision grew moist. Not even Alfira knew if they were tears born from humility or joy, but her face was dyed in pleasure in every respect.

The once strong-willed eyes adorning her face now birthed tears that dripped from their edges. Saliva dripped from her mouth and mucus dripped from her nose. This wasn't the tentacles' mucus that defiled her beautiful face, oh no, this was Alfira's own unsightly fluid.

If there were a mirror before her, just what would this female knight think of herself?

“Nng—uuuu...”

Its mucus glittering, a tentacle then held itself in front of her weakly opened mouth.

Moving slowly as it moved away the saliva covering the area around her mouth, it defiled her glossy lips. Once her lips were entirely covered in mucus, she smelled the acrid scent of blood.

Knitting her face due to the smell, she tried to move her face away from the tentacle.

However, her face could only move sideways to the extent that her neck would allow it to turn. All the less considering she was restrained.

Enjoying Alfira’s feeble resistance, the tentacle didn’t just defile her lips, but also the nape of her neck, her ears, and her cheeks.

(Part 5)

“Keh, sto—hyu!?”

As she tried to shout once more for the tentacles to stop, she let out a shrill voice due to abruptly feeling stimulation from her breasts.

When she looked towards her chest to see what had happened, her left nipple—had popped out.

Her eyes opened wide, she couldn't believe it.

It was something that had always been hiding within her areola, something that should have been within her breast.

This was the first time she'd seen it and she felt that it was even glossier than her areola. Although its lack of pigmentation was due to it having never been exposed to the open air before, Alfira had no knowledge of anything like that.

Different from her areola, her innocent nipple was absolutely embarrassing to her.

The blush on her cheeks deepening further, she couldn't look away from her nipple.

To the woman, the thin tentacle approaching her nipple seemed awfully similar to a torture implement.

“Stop!!”

The tentacle had arrived at her nipple faster than she could scream out.

Like that, it had merely touched her. It wasn't that clear stimulation she'd felt when it had licked her nipple inside her areola.

Yet the sight of her nipple being sucked into the translucent mucus was something that she probably would never have seen living a normal life.

“Huann...!”

A seductive moan came from her mouth.

Stimulation from her right breast jolted her mind. She knew that seeing

wouldn't help, but she slowly turned her gaze towards it. She couldn't stop the wild ideas appearing within her mind due to losing all capability to resist after her body was restrained.

The same as her left breast, a nipple had appeared from within her areola on her right breast. It was also a fresh, glossy color.

And unlike what was happening with her left nipple, this one had a thin tentacle coiling around it at the base. The tentacle was moving exactly how it had been with her breasts beforehand, this time wringing her nipple.

"A-ah... aah..."

The tentacle put more force into its actions, little by little, bit by bit.

Following along parallel with that, the moans coming from Alfira also grew.

Covered with the slimes' glossy mucus, her pleasure-driven, wriggling upper body was much like a snake. She moved similarly with her lower body, still hidden behind her pair of trousers, her bottom sliding across the hard ground.

However, due to her half-baked way of sitting, the only pleasure she felt was from the tentacles' caress on her upper body and her urethra.

"Dammit, dammi—uuu..."

It wasn't enough.

It couldn't satisfy her.

And even more than that, she was bitter that her body's reactions had become so shameful.

She had forged herself into a knight. She had lived as a knight. She was proud of herself... as a knight.

Yet despite that, having her chest exposed by the monster as it teased her simply caused her to thrust with her hips.

It was unbearable to her.

Now, she shed tears of regret—not pleasure. Even though she knew that crying would help nothing, she couldn't stop herself.

"I don't... want this! No, no no—nooooo!!"

The moment she screamed, she felt something break.

Was it her pride as a knight that had been built up and reinforced up till now, or was it her pride as a woman that had been thus far enduring the Black Ooze's torment?

Regardless of which, together with her voice, her innocent nipples were pulled on, she was licked, her urethra was pried into, and her clitoris was massaged.

Looking up towards the heavens with saliva and snot running down her face, she was unable to conceal her obscene expression as she was elevated toward another climax.

What did this turn the count to? She couldn't remember how many times she'd climaxed in this short amount of time. It was uncountable. At this point, she'd already become unable to have such proper thoughts.

"Fuah, no! Shtahp, o-oow!?"

Her breasts thrust outward as she leaned back, the nipple that had been entwined by the thread-thin tentacle was pulled on and the nipple that was being sucked on and rolled about was treated even more forcibly.

Her pose made it look like the tentacles were suspending her by her breasts. The woman, unable to resist the intense stimulation, screamed.

"Hu-huaaah—!"

And then the stimulation in her lower body increased as well.

The tentacle's actions in her urethra had already turned it into a rather splendid erogenous zone.

Alfira was perhaps already able to cum just through urinating. The pleasant feeling in her urethra was simply too tremendous.

The paralytic poison's effects had already disappeared completely, yet she had still not felt any pain. What would the female knight, someone who was a rather serious woman, think of the changes in her body if she realized that?

"Shta, shtaap..."

This woman's body was perfectly prepared to conceive a child.

At least, that's what the Black Slime concluded after its experiences in violating the two mother bodies named Frederica and Satia.

Clink.

Unlike from the coquettish moans and nasally voice thus far, it was a metallic sound. It was from Alfira's trousers. Her belt.

Having a premonition that this sound meant nothing good to her, Alfira weakly shook her head.

She'd already lost the strength to refuse vocally.

Her body was lifted into the air. Her chest, shoulders, abdomen, and knees lifted into the air, she looked like a child being helped to urinate

"P-please..."

A search party would definitely be sent out to locate and save the missing order of knights.

They said that they were coming to this abandoned mine, so it was a matter of course.

However, how many days would it take to finally reach this mine? Rather, how many days would it take for the search party to even form?

... In the meantime, the reality was that she would be violated by this monster continuously. This was not something that not even Alfira, an experienced knight, could endure.

Being raped by a monster wasn't a situation they were trained to prepare for in the first place. Far from being prepared, no one had even imagined the possibility.

If it were a human. If it were a bandit, or perhaps a group of slavers, she may just have been able to talk her way out of it.

But this thing raping her was mankind's enemy, a monster. She was all the more afraid due to seeing the state Frederica and Satia had been brought to right before her eyes.

Afraid that she would lose her virginity.

Afraid that she would be raped.

Afraid that she would be unable to breathe.

—Afraid that she would welcome it.

(Part 6)

Exactly because there were women welcoming the monsters right before her, her sense of dread felt as though it might become a reality, willing or not.

“No, stop, stop it... Fiahh, Fiana-samaaa—”

She begged for help. She moved her body, giving the minimal amount of resistance.

But her stamina had been entirely used up. The mucus restraining the female knight wouldn't be broken by her feeble movements, the Black Ooze couldn't even feel it as an itch.

Her belt was removed as she did that, followed by her thick pair of trousers.

As for what appeared beneath, well, it was a pair of plain black panties. As she placed value on practicality, she'd likely picked the color because not even a stain would stand out on them.

Just by her body being given pleasure, even her excretory organ had turned into something that she felt pleasure from. Upon taking a closer look at the panties, one would only see a change in color around the crotch area.

But those panties concealed a rather tragic state of affairs.

“Stop, stop it—no, sto—”

When the tentacle looped through the top of her panties and out one of the legs, it slid them down to her knees.

With that, although it wasn't visibly apparent, some liquid other than slime and urine was pulled into a line between her crotch and panties.

Alfira could tell what was happening by sight. Because of her posture, her gaze would inevitably fall to her genitals. She could understand through how much pain there was what the situation was with her genitals. At least, she'd intended to understand.

But in truth, as Alfira was much more wet than she'd expected, her yet-untrespassed labia had already parted slightly.

“U-uuu...”

She felt shame and hopelessness.

Unable to properly handle the emotions swirling within her mind and hanging her head in shame, she once again began to cry.

At the same time as that, the slime and tentacles that had been stimulating her breasts and urethra stopped moving.

She didn't even wonder if it had finished. When she thought about how it would humiliate her even more than currently, she cried even more.

This wasn't the end. Alfira knew all too well that there was more to come.

That is, wasn't Alfira's future being put on show right before her eyes?

“I'm begging you—”

Alfira's voice leaked out.

The woman's voice was weak.

“—please, stop.”

Simultaneously with her mutters, the tentacle stroked her labia.

With a sense of disgust yet a definite feeling of arousal, her hips quivered.

From here on, Alfira would be raped.

It wasn't that large. It wasn't the weapon of mass destruction currently assaulting Frederica, at least. It was slightly smaller than that of an adult male's, even.

Although Alfira couldn't tell the difference due to her lack of experience, this was something the Black Ooze had considered.

The feeling of pain lead to a waste in intercourse. It had learned this from its acts with Satia. Moreover, its implantation into Frederica—who lusted for pleasure—didn't go as smoothly as it did with Satia.

It didn't truly know if pleasure had any relation to conception within its mother bodies.

However, as anecdotal experience, the Black Ooze had learned that mother

bodies submerged in pure pleasure were more easily able to conceive a child.

“Sh-shta... stop, please...”

The sound of liquids squishing into each other could be heard as the Black Ooze’s mucus and Alfira’s secretions mixed.

Rubbing against her labia as though a man would to jack off with her inner thighs, it brushed again her clitoris, causing her waist to jump.

This was a physiological phenomenon, not Alfira’s own intention. Even though she knew that, she felt betrayed by her body’s reactions, even more tears of regret and vexation spilling down her cheeks.

“Stop.”

Some strength was put into the tentacle rubbing right against her labia.

Knowing what about to happen through the feeling of it, Alfira bit her lip.

She would at least suppress her voice. Convincing herself of that for the umpteenth time, she once again clung to her failed resistance.

“—”

Her vagina, never before deflowered, was penetrated by the tentacle.

She felt an overwhelming sensation of oppression and intimidation.

She couldn’t understand why the two were gasping and moaning with cries of pleasure, they must have something wrong with them.

Alfira abused the two before her within her mind. By doing so, she tried to settle herself down.

She cursed that the people with something wrong with them were the two in front of her: Frederica and Satia. Not herself.

She cursed that something like willingly accepting a monster was impossible.

But the Black Ooze wasn’t in a rush as it slowly unwound the tenseness in Alfira’s body. As though it were trying to not break her hymen, it went went back and forth through the entrance the her vagina countless times.

This was the same sort of behavior that was exhibited within her urethra

beforehand.

Rather than suddenly plunging all the way in, it would gradually, little by little, bit by bit, adapt her body.

“Fu-uhn, nn... nnn—”

The pain she expected never came.

Even that sense of oppression she’d felt at first disappeared before long.

It was like rolling down a slope after that.

Once the area near her entrance had been relaxed, what followed next was that the slime within her urethra began moving. The bladder far within her urethra and the base of her clitoris were pressed together.

Her empty bladder no longer shouted in pain, instead conveying a pleasant sensation that absolutely no human had ever felt before.

It was the same with her clitoris. How would any human have ever felt their clitoris being stimulated from behind it?

Similarly with her glossy nipples, her right one was pulled on by the string-like tentacle and teased.

Her left nipple was licked, rolled, and entirely visible through the transparent mucus.

She felt like richly colored fireworks were going off within her head.

Her eyes looked towards the rocky surface of the walls yet saw nothing, simply shedding tears. Her lips she’d been biting down on had parted slightly, her glossy tongue and beautifully white teeth becoming visible from within.

“St... op...”

Her body slackened.

She couldn’t put any strength into it at all.

Still suspended by the Black Ooze, Alfira had ended up so weak that she wasn’t even able to resist vocally.

The Black Ooze, having acquired the techniques and knowledge of dozens of

men, was much too skilled in pleasuring Alfira, who had barely even known about these acts.

Each time her nipples, clitoris, urethra, or vagina were stimulated, the female knight's body would react in amusing ways.

She looked entirely like a toy given to some child—a child named Black Ooze.

“Fuah—ahnnn, uu...”

The toy swallowed back her saliva.

Each time the toy was stimulated, she would let out a moan, reacting to even the slightest of stimulation. The way she leapt back and forth between the border of pleasure and resistance was amusing.

“Ha-aah. Nnuu—sho, go-ood...”

“Go, shu... shamaaaa...”

Frederica and Satia were the first to collapse.

It could be said to be natural as they had started being ravished long before Alfira woke up, but those two's states were wretched.

Their bodies had been entirely covered with mucus, her rich hair clinging to both her body and cheeks.

Above all, some amount of distinctly cloudy liquid from the slime dripped from their vaginas.

The semen that had no room to stay within them overflowed, trailing down their thighs.

Alfira didn't know what kind of thing a monster's semen was. However, what she did know was that a human would definitely be impregnated if that much was poured into them.

The duo's expressions—they seemed incredibly happy, delighted, and satisfied... Most of all, the two willingly brought tentacles that were near their faces into their mouths, caressing them with their tongues and rubbing their cheeks against them. They were willingly attempting to please the tentacles.

(... Ah.)

Would she become like that as well?

(Aaah...)

Would she also wish to willingly please these monsters?

“A-ah—hiiiin!”

Another tentacle began to knead her clitoris.

While cursing that her body would climax from that alone—

She felt fear, humiliation, shame, and pleasure. Each of those feelings and each of the various fluids covering her warped her expression.

“Get, aw—... get away, from meeee!!”

Shlink.

Alfira felt like she heard the sound of something tearing.

Chapter 7: The Female Knights' Fate

(Part 1)

Walking down a stone corridor, Fiana's chest sprung up and down.

Unlike her resplendent face, the way she walked as a mere knight was overly plain.

The corridor had no paintings, expensive furniture or the like to decorate it, instead having naught but cold, plain stones. Even so, Fiana's steps were light.

Walking at a speed that could possibly be considered a brisk pace, her rich breasts and buttocks shook under her clothes. It was only a slight shaking, but even despite them both being covered by her undergarments, it was impossible to conceal her abundant charm that could only end up making itself known to those in her surroundings.

The temptation wafting from her stirred up feelings of jealousy and envy from her fellow female colleagues and evil desires from her male colleagues.

Fiana's charm was amplified by her current undulations.

Walking faster than usual, a thin sheen of sweat moistened her white clothing, allowing the outline of her underwear along with a trace of her skin color to be seen from the outside.

Strangely, Fiana held no doubts about her current attire.

Although she would usually wear her thick knight outfit, she was currently only wearing some rather thin clothing under her armor.

She truly was meant to formally wear thick clothing under her armor, but had decided to wear a thin outfit because it was getting about time for it to be stuffy inside her armor.

It was also similar for her underwear. She was wearing ones meant for a woman, not for a knight, and paid attention to both what it did and what it

looked like. If forced to say one way or another, she'd been somewhat restrained in her choices until recently. This was Fiana having a slight enjoyment for herself.

As a knight, she'd trained her skill with a sword and diligently studied magical techniques so that should could protect the king and the nation's people.

—There was some amount of personal enjoyment from this as well, however. She was a famous woman lauded by the populous to be a flawless knight, after all.

Walking down the corridor, Fiana saw a man's face pop out from around a bend in the path ahead of her.

Seeing his face, Fiana's expression visibly loosened.

However, she immediately stopped walking and cleared her throat once she noticed her own change. Closing her eyes to reign in her emotions, she shoved everything out from her mind for a few moments.

"Yo, Fiana."

Yet even with all her efforts, it all came to nothing with his few words.

The heart hidden behind her rich breasts leapt, a slight crimson tint appearing on her cheeks. When she opened her eyes, her usually dignified eyes had clouded somewhat just by his voice alone.

"Something wrong?"

"Ah, no."

The voice's owner stepped over to Fiana's side.

As a woman, Fiana was short enough to have to gaze up at him. Up at his blonde hair that looked as precious as any jewel and at his chiseled body... and at the proof that he was of the same race as her, his tapered ears. His expression as he looked at Fiana was gentle, as it had always been.

Stared at by him, Fiana felt a pain in her chest.

Although she had the willpower of a woman that had grown into adulthood, the long-lived elves were far removed from the concept of change.

She'd harbored her feelings for a rather long time and her body had already grown up by the time she'd realized those feelings.

As an elf, Fiana's body in particular had become increasingly sensual. By hearing his voice alone, her heart throbbed, her chest ached, and her face blushed.

She was both a mature woman and an innocent young girl. Being both, even while her body slowly heated up, Fiana merely smiled slightly, perfectly mirroring the man's smile.

"Did something happen—, —?"

Her voice got caught in her throat when she tried to say her crush's name.

Even though she definitely remembered it, it wouldn't come out.

He was the first man who Fiana had associated herself with. With his ears tapered into a point in the same way as Fiana's, it was obvious that he was an elf at a glance.

Born in the same forest, they had grown up and been together since the moment they were aware of the world around them as children.

While Fiana had talent in the sword and magic, he had talent in archery and magic.

They were together the whole time. While playing, bathing, sleeping, even while eating.

Fiana and him had grown up by the time they had separated. They trained to fight rather than playing, bathed separately due to being embarrassed by their adult bodies, slept separately due to being unable to bear their nervousness, and ate separately due to being busy.

Wanting for them to as close together as possible, she was satisfied just by hearing his voice. However, as his voice was becoming not enough for her, by the time she'd come to work in the Royal Castle as an elf knight, Fiana would occasionally comfort herself.

Although it was something natural, for Fiana, it was increasingly embarrassing.

Now when she heard his voice after hoping for and dreaming of being ravished by him, the girl's cheeks would dye red.

Wondering why Fiana's seemed so off, he drew his face close to hers.

His well-structured face was somewhat hazy in her eyes, she couldn't see him too well.

A short sigh escaped her lips.

It was a hot, shallow sigh, much like one that would come out during the times she'd comfort herself. Nervous that he might realize the significance behind her sigh, her body froze.

Seeing her relative lack of a reaction, he reached out his hand and placed his cool palm against Fiana's forehead, followed by her cheeks and ears.

"... Nn..."

This time, a small sound made its way out along with her sigh.

Her cherry red cheeks' color deepened as she once again closed her eyes, this time out of embarrassment so that she could escape his gaze.

Now that she'd lost her sense of sight, her other four senses all intensified, causing her to feel her own reactions all the more clearly.

Was that thing she felt on his fingers sweat?

Could it be that he was also nervous?

Thinking that, Fiana couldn't endure it. Her heartbeat was so violent now that she feared he might hear it.

"Ah—nn..."

Her ears throbbed.

While her ears' visible areas were handled with such a gentleness that it was a question as to whether he was even truly touching her, the areas concealed away from the eyes within were probed by his slender pinkies.

Elves' ears were sensitive. They could feel the flow of the wind and hear the voices of spirits. As well as being an organ capable of listening to people's voices, it was also an important organ for hunters and priests.

Their ears were the reason elves were called the hunters of the forest. Able to read small disturbances in airflow, they could take advantage of their enemies' movements. They wouldn't lose their way no matter how dense a forest was by listening to the voices of spirits. They could also exercise more powerful magic than normal mages.

Her ears, her pride as an elf, were being gently ravished by his fingers.

Within her ears, within what could be said to be the closest erogenous zone to her brain, she could hear a viscous, liquidy sound.

It was a very embarrassing sound, one that seemed to go so far as to even violate her brain.

The blushing on Fiana's cheeks deepening, she smiled shyly.

However, tightly closed lips parted slightly, not just letting out breaths, but heated, excited sighs. Although she felt ashamed by that, she couldn't do anything about it as it was a physiological reaction.

Feeling a pleasurable sensation much different to the times she'd consoled herself, she gave her body to it.

Power leaving her body, she was at his mercy.

His face was in front of her when she opened her eyes. She couldn't see him clearly, though, as his face appeared hazy.

Even so, she was alright with all of that. She would be able to be at his side as he ravished her ears.

When she opened her lips the rest of the way, desiring him, her white teeth and red tongue peeped out. They were shining, wettened by her own saliva.

Did she herself even realize just how obscene she appeared? Panting, she appeared to be willingly teasing out a kiss from him, her tongue stuck out, desiring sexual stimulation.

"Nnuuu—h-hah..."

As Fiana wished, his lips touched hers. At the same time, their tongues tangled with each others'.

(Part 2)

The suddenness of it surprised her, but even so, she accepted it.

His tongue wriggled much like a mollusk's, instantly beginning to ravish the inside of Fiana's mouth the same way as her ears. Not just her tongue's surface, but also her tongue's underside, her tongue's base, her gums, her palate, and her cheeks.

Her whole inner mouth was violated by his tongue for a very, very long time. Her breathing roughened as her mouth was blocked, that roughness sounding almost painful to those who could hear it.

However, even though she was being tormented to that extent, Fiana herself held not even a shred of bitterness or fear.

For her to be desired like this brought her an extreme pleasure, causing her matured body to relax.

Just how long had her ears and mouth been ravished?

Her eyes, usually emitting her powerful will, moistened in passion. Tears accumulated in the corners of her eyes before streaming down.

"H-haauu..."

Then next part of Fiana that was targeted was the first thing people focused on upon seeing Fiana's sensual body—her captivating breasts.

Her breasts were so large that even despite being suppressed by her undergarments so much that they hurt, they shook and were nuisances when she swung her sword. Above all, Fiana only ever found it mentally taxing when men focused their attention on her very un-elf-like assets.

Wouldn't those very breasts be unsightly for those from the same race as her? While on one hand, she felt uneasy, on the other, she wished that he would hurry up and massage them.

She wanted her breasts to feel pleasant, just like with her ears and tongue. Believing that, Fiana waited for the moment to come expectantly. Saliva spilled

from her open mouth, her moistened eyes hazy with tears due to the deflowering of her ears.

Her thoroughly obscene expression could awaken the bestial nature of countless men the world over.

Her breasts were large enough to overflow even over a man's hand. Those very breasts were touched by this man's hands from above her clothes.

"Fu—auu..."

A tiny moan made its way from her mouth.

When she shut her eyes out of embarrassment, the tears collecting in her eyes all spilt at once.

Even so, the man's hands didn't stop as they massaged Fiana's breasts. He started out slowly, so gentle that she almost couldn't feel any stimulation through the underwear and clothes separating her skin from his. He gently caressed her, causing her chest to warm... but it wasn't enough for Fiana, not after the flame within her lit up.

The delight won out at first, but it soon lost to the unsatisfied emotions dwelling in her heart.

Once it did, Fiana had no path to go but to give herself.

She moaned in frustration, but her herself being the one to ask would be immodest, causing he logic and lust to vie for control.

"...—er"

A very, very quiet voice leaked from her lips. Despite her mouth being ravished by the man, she somehow managed to make a sound.

It was even more quiet than the panting sighs coming from her thus far, quiet to the point that not even the person giving Fiana this pleasure would be able to hear it.

Even so, it was something she spoke despite feeling so much shame.

But as expected, her voice didn't reach him as he continued to caress her breasts.

Or perhaps he did here it, causing him to continue caressing her so tenderly so that she could say it more clearly. Suddenly realizing that, Fiana looked at the man before her.

Her eyes, having been shut out of shame and thoroughly wetted by tears of joy, weren't the eyes of a knight, but of a woman.

"... —ong, er..."

As if to urge her to speak, the caressing on her breasts continued on gently.

It wasn't enough. What did she need to say?

Even though it was such a tender, gentle action, Fiana found it increasingly cruel.

With an emotion that could be called suffering, the woman was entirely turned on.

"D-do, it..."

Although she spoke somewhat more clearly this time, it was easier than before.

But even with that, he remained as gentle as ever.

What did she need to do for him to be more forceful? She felt like she was being tested.

Pleasure and shame. Then, along with unbearable heat building within her chest, tongue, and ears, as well as the caresses that teased her breasts, her abdomen began to throb.

Fiana's hips moved ignoring her own intentions, her bottom, still clothed by her white trousers, swaying back and forth.

An embarrassing **stain** might have appeared on her underwear. One caused by nectar flowing from her womb.

When she realized that, she wondered just how much shame she felt right then—yes, Fiana was exciting herself even further.

"Muueh—m-massage, stronger..."

Fiana felt her voice sounded passionate.

This was the first time she'd ever made a voice like that.

Her surprise disappeared in an instant as the man's hand began to violate her breasts.

Not massage. Violate.

"H-huah! Fuaannn...!"

Heavy breathing with a certain heat to it passed her lips.

They were covered by her clothes and bra, but even so her unconcealable breasts were kneaded like bread dough.

Even when they were dealt with in such a way that it would normally be painful, she could only feel it as just enough after being aroused to the point of feeling agony by the extreme gentleness prior.

Her right breast was massaged from the bottom upwards, the opposite for her left breast. No sooner did she think that he was massaging them as though to rip open her clothing did he strike them so hard that they clashed into each other.

As for Fiana, she was feeling more pain from the way her bra was digging into her than from the way her breasts were being treated.

Normally, her pure white bra was something that served and protected her breasts, but it now felt more akin to a torture device.

But the problem was that it wasn't just her skin but also her nipples that rubbed against the bra. Her clothes absorbed the sweat coming from her skin, becoming transparent and showing off the skin beneath. Just how much had she perspired? Even the skin beneath her white-colored underwear was becoming visible.

As for what stood out, well, it wasn't the fair skin beneath her clothes. It was the faintly peach nipples standing on the summits of her breasts.

But for some reason, the man went out of his way to never touch them, the most erogenous portion of her breasts. Following what Fiana said, he was just massaging her breasts 'stronger'.

Having given herself to the pleasant stimulation, Fiana realized that a short

while later.

No matter how much lust clouded her thoughts, she would still think about what she needed to do to feel even more stimulation.

“M-my... n-ni-nipples, too—”

But what came from her mouth was an uncouth voice, shaking from the ravishing it was receiving even still.

Even so, hearing Fiana’s voice, the man’s actions shifted to satisfy Fiana’s desire.

The intensity assaulting her chest abated slightly before being joined up by that much stimulation being applied to her nipples. Her right nipple was pulled out in all directions as her left one rolled about here and there like he was trying to press it into her breast.

This multi-fronted attack caused her expression to be dyed in ecstasy as her body began to twitch.

“Sho, guud... sho gu-guuuuud...”

Naturally, her true thoughts came from her mouth.

Even though she’d tried to hide it, she couldn’t endure anymore and ended up saying it out loud.

Elves were terse and dull when it came to intercourse. Exactly because of their long lives were they also just as old-fashioned in their sexual ways. They were a race that would go tens—no, hundreds of years without attempting to make a child, only seeing child making as a ritual and not as something for pleasure.

This was proof that they didn’t place anywhere near as much importance on intercourse as humans did and was unsatisfactory to Fiana and her sensual, ripe body.

It was similar to the man she’d associated with, he was very dull when it came to intercourse.

He would just put his genitals to hers, simply having her vagina take his penis in.

Even displays of affection were treated similarly by the elves, so when the time had come that they had intercourse for the first time, what they felt seemed like a taboo.

When that man was attacked by a monster and fell in battle, she had drowned in sorrow. Later, when she found a human that she liked... Fiana's world was opened.

Compared to elves, the short-lived humans' way of viewing intercourse was, in a single word, wonderful.

Plentiful with their caresses, they would even whisper sweet nothings to each other during the act.

As for Fiana, she was greedy when it came to sex. She probably had that sort of personality to begin with.

But that man had also died, unable to live for too long.

The man who'd taught the beauty, Fiana, what intercourse truly was, was dead. She had repeated this again—in her many years, she'd loved many people.

They were all of the same race, all humans.

And now—

“Feelsh, guuud...”

Her ears, her eyes, and her breasts were all being ravished.

The pleasure she felt at that moment was by far the best she'd ever felt.

Despite her mind being unraveled by that comfort, she didn't hesitate to say what she felt.

She said that what felt good felt good, where she was feeling it the most, and what she wanted to be done to her.

Lost in that dreamlike feeling, little by little, Fiana's spirit dissolved.

(Part 3)

It was something of a bizarre sight.

The pure knight's arms stuck to the bare rock wall... rather, stuck to the black mucus that had increased in volume so much that covered almost all of the rock wall. It was almost like she was being buried by a black mass.

Unconscious, her head was leaning forward limply. However, upon closer inspection, some of that black mucus was clinging to her face. Although her nose was left unblocked so that she could breathe, her mouth, ears, and eyes were all completely blocked by the black mucus.

Even her prized silver hair was obscured by the mucus.

She would occasionally twitch. Each time, her mouth moved as though to whisper something, despite the mucus within blocking her voice from reaching anyone's ears. No, it should instead be said that that mucus transmitted the voice to the Black Ooze.

And for that reason, it caressed Fiana, following her voice to improve the stimulation she was being given.

It made sure that her ears were sucked, her holes ravished, her gums teased, her tongue pressed against, and her breasts massaged beneath her clothes.

Fiana had fallen into a sort of trance-like sleep, allowing herself to be violated while also speaking of exactly what she felt.



One would normally wake up from something like that, but this elven knight

didn't look as though she would awaken at all.

It wasn't much of a surprise, however, as she'd been forcefully put to sleep through magic.

A Black Ooze was a monster that could consume anything and acquire the abilities of whatever it ate.

By consuming the knights that had recently come to it, it had expanded the possible uses of its magic. It was already to the point that even if you compared it to both Frederica and Satia... no, even with the elven knight it was currently violating, the Black Ooze would very likely be able to use more kinds of magic than the three of them combined.

And proportional to that, its mana capacity had increased as well.

It had consumed several dozens of humans and knights that were excellent magic users, so its mana had grown so large that no average mage could be its equal.

Even so, the Black Ooze's children did not enjoy that benefit. Its children did not know how to use magic, so even if they acquired some mana, they couldn't use it.

Because of that, they presented the knights to the Black Ooze—their parent—for it to consume.

It was a very hierarchical relationship, much like what ants had. The Black Ooze was the queen ant with Frederica and Satia being the worker ants as they were even now giving birth to more slimes.

It could easily be said that its current power was much too much for an ordinary slime.

The guardians of the forest, the elves, were owners of a vast mana capacity and could form contracts with spirits. This Black Ooze was using one of those elves just to make a slime subspecies. If the Black Ooze were to have a fight with any of the people nearby once more, it would very likely win in even a fair, head-on fight.

No one there could even begin to think of doing that, however. Frederica and

Satia were already the Black Ooze's **things**, while the hostile Alfira was too busy suffering from the agonizing pleasure she was being given.

Essentially, the only one here who might be able to resist the Black Ooze was the dream-bound elven girl.

Not holding any deep emotions on the matter—it was a mystery as to whether or not a slime could even have emotions in the first place—the Black Ooze ravished Alfira.

“Guh, gi—uuu...”

The voice coming from the woman's mouth held not just pleasure, but also pain from being thoroughly penetrated.

This was no wonder, either.

As she'd been a virgin until just a short while ago, she'd never accepted anyone into her vagina before.

Her body's carnal desires were being satisfied to a great extent, but the pain of her deflowering had also given Alfira back a certain amount of ability to think.

“Kuh—kuh—”

She wasn't able to speak due to the viscous tentacles weaving about within her mouth, but the pleasure-clouded eyes she'd had up until a moment before had definitely returned to being somewhat aware.

But even this wouldn't last for long. Alfira, harboring within her mind a sense of anxiety that resembled even conviction, struggled against the mucus that was binding her body.

She failed. Moreover, she'd felt the pleasure even more sensitively and wound up climaxing.

This was something it knew of—a woman's body, no matter how much hate or disgust it harbored, would feel it all the same.

For this reason, under the thought that Alfira **wasn't feeling pleasant enough**, the Black Ooze's caresses turned gentle.

It was the same kind of caressing it gave Satia. A mother's body must not feel distress, so its caresses would only give it pleasure.

Although Alfira's body had grown up similarly to Frederica's, what it gave her was a sweet pleasure what even a child would recognize as something that felt good.

It also would have been able to use its paralytic poison to dull the pain she felt, but it would also weaken her sensitivity.

That is a fact that the Black Ooze just recently learned. The knights it consumed knew about a few things on that topic.

The knight was the owner of what's considered perverted knowledge with the contents of it being abnormal to say the least. How should a woman be treated to feel it? How should they be raped? Where are their most intense erogenous zones? The knight had known of various perverted things like that and was a man that constantly wanted to test his knowledge out on Fiana, a beautiful and pure knight.

There was a knight who had vivid delusions of doing violent things to Alfira's mature body, a body that had never known a man.

There was a knight who had put himself onto this expedition and aroused himself by imagining Fiana's and Alfira's breasts sandwiching his face.

There was a knight who imagined himself raping the two of them to the point they cried out his name and eventually craving him.

There was a knight who fantasized over having a chance to charm them through magic on the journey and thought of what they might sound like as they gasped out in the pleasure he could give them.

There was a knight who could picture himself pushing down the doll-like girl that he'd just met and raping her and violently as possible.

Besides them, there were many others that imagined themselves using Fiana, Alfira, Frederica, and Satia as outlets for their lust.

They had both knowledge concerning magic, they had knowledge concerning how to please women. And so, having consumed the **lust** they once had, the

Black Ooze caressed Alfira with that very lust.

As time passed and the knights' digestion progressed, the Black Ooze's loving changed to be more tenacious, to make Alfira feel even more, to pleasure women even more.

When her breasts were massaged, she gasped.

When her vagina was drilled into, she gasped.

When her womb was teased...

When the crack of her buttocks was licked...

This world's sexual interactions hadn't developed too far. The ass hole was only an organ meant for secretion, the breasts were things meant for rearing children, and the womb could even be called a sanctuary.

The erogenous zones would be nipples and the vagina. Although there were some men and women that harbored more abnormal tastes such as desiring a person's ass hole, there weren't many and it was even seen as slightly heretical.

Yet compared to what was currently assailing her...

Ears, neck, navel, inner thighs, ankles, feet, the areas between her fingers and toes, the arches of her feet—each and every one was taken as an erogenous zone.

The knowledge the Black Ooze now held told it that there were many secret erogenous zones on a woman.

Therefore, it would put that knowledge to the test. What places did a woman feel pleasure from? What could it do to have them fall further into that pleasure?

The more the pleasure they felt, the better the condition a woman would be at to birth a child. For that reason and that reason alone, it had decided to cause all four of these women to suffer, struggle, and gasp.

“Haah, heeh. Hahi—haaah... aaaaAAHH!”

And that extreme pleasure now assailed this woman's body, a body that had only ever known what masturbation felt like, had only ever known what her

hand had felt like.

When the Black Ooze ravished her ears, it made her hallucinate that it was her brain that was being ravished.

When her neck was licked, she felt a longing within the titillation.

When her armpits were caressed, either because it was a place that wouldn't ordinarily be touched or because she was sensitive there, she did feel a certain something.

When her navel was loosened up, she started to feel a heat gather in her abdomen.

And when her ankles, legs, and the spaces between her toes all received attention at the same time—well, is there a woman alive that could endure that?

At the very least...

“Fuu... h-hiii...”

At the very least, Alfira wasn't one of them. She could only look up at the ceiling, her pupils rolled so far up they almost couldn't be seen.

(Part 4)

Occasionally, there would be gasps, wheezing, or even simple pleading.

Intercourse between humans didn't last for too long. There was a limit to both strength and endurance.

Alfira had been aware of that, as well. She was being made to feel, to gasp from areas she'd never before considered as erogenous.

Even though what was raping her was a monster, even though she was suffering such substantial mental anguish, she was livid at being forced to feel such things in such strange areas.

Ears ears were licked, ravished right into their holes, tickling the interior of her head.

Besides that, she was informed by her body that its sensitivity had increased extensively in this short amount of time.

What had been developed the most was her abundant chest. And, on the tops of them, her nipples.

At first glance, they appeared no different from other women's, but there was actually a secret about them she had protected until just a while ago.

They were still a beautiful pale pink and about as big as the tip of a pinky, erect to the point that they couldn't stiffen any further.

And as they were the only things not covered by the slime's black mucus, they seemed to shine due to the sticky liquid applied the the rest of her chest.

Her nipples, despite still not being touched, made her **feel**.

There was wind.

A slight breeze flowed through the cave. Wind entered through the same hole in the ceiling that shed light into the cave.

Flowing across her wettened chest, she wound up feeling it each and every time it stroked her sensitized nipples.

Currently, another slime was entering her developed urethra. She'd momentarily thought that she might be released, but that was a mistake.

What was entering Alfira this time was a slime somewhat larger than the one that had taught her what pleasure her urethra could bring her. That same sense of pressure returned to the insides of her waist.

However, that wasn't all.

What Alfira felt was pure terror.

Even though she was frightened by the reality of a foreign creature entering her urethra, that isn't what sent chills down her spine. It was—

Oh, again?

—herself, as she mentally responded with a feeling of resignation.

She was afraid of the thought of herself enjoying her urethra being violated.

It hadn't even been half a day since she had come to this cave.

She'd already been developed to this point.

She could hardly consider her ability to endure until the time came that help arrived.

"S-saaab-b-be... m-me..."

Shedding tears and snot as saliva spilled from her mouth, Alfira pleaded for mercy.

She didn't believe that this monster, this non-eared slime would listen to her pleading. She didn't think it would at all.

Yet even so, she still begged for aid.

"W, waah—waaah..."

Much like an infant, she even started to shake her head and cry.

She had nothing about her that would make her look like a knight anymore. She'd lost her pride in that the moment she started panting from its caresses and lost her virginity.

Alfira was self-aware. Aware that she could no longer live an ordinary life.

Her eyes opened wide.

Once again, a slime obviously larger than the one that entered her just before approached her urethra.

“N-no...!”

She shook her head back and forth violently, her body moving in a rage.

Her body that had dulled from the pleasure now, at this moment, felt like it had regained its former strength.

She didn't want something as big as *that* inside her. If she felt any more from her urethra, she might really stop being able to live in human society.

She felt like she'd already gone to the point of no return, but she still didn't want to be developed any further.

“Kfuh!? Sh—aaaah—!?”

Just there, was Alfira's reaction... delighted?

The mucus tentacle that had been driven into her vagina like a stake resumed its movements.

It hadn't stopped for Alfira to settle down after the pain of her deflowering, but she wouldn't know that.

Traces of astonishment appeared in her eyes.

She didn't know the exact time it happened, but she was sure that that area was supposed to make her feel pain. Pain of her deflowering, pain that would return to her a certain amount of reason.

Looking away from the slime moving for her urethra, she turned to gaze to the tentacle piercing her vagina like a pile driver.

“S-s-stahp, i-it...”

What she felt from it was definitely pleasure.

It gave not the slightest bit of pain, nor did it give a feeling of pressure. Her vagina had already adjusted to the size and shape of the tentacle penetrating her, and the wound from her deflowering was lubed over by the tentacle's mucus and her own secretions.

And above all, her entire body was being trained to feel pleasure from where there was pain.

The current Alfira might already be at the point of feeling pleasure from the pain of deflowering.

Getting the feeling that that was what was happening to her, the sense of dread in her chest increased.

What would happen to her body, her mind, when she left this mine? What would happen to her from here on...? The mere thought of it frightened her.

“S-save—please, Fhiahnaaaa-samaaa...”

And, again, she begged for help from the sleeping knight.

She didn’t even realize that her voice never reached her.

“Nn...”

The girl’s limbs shook slightly.

Her clothes, exposed by her armor being stripped off, stuck to her wettened skin and showed off her graceful limbs.

Her waist swung in the empty air as though to beg for something, there was no strength in either of her legs. She’d probably be unable to so much as stand if it weren’t for the tentacles’ support.

Still in that state, Fiana continued sleeping even now.

Her slightly parted lips could be seen through the mucus, her tongue was moving like it was licking something within the mucus.

Perhaps her mouth contained a penis within her dream? Or perhaps she was twining her tongue around another’s?

“Huu... huuu...”

He breathing ragged, her cheeks were dyed red. Her mouth and eyes were covered with mucus, its abnormality obvious.

As he mouth was blocked, she was only able to breathe through her nose, causing some snot to run down from it.

If she were conscious, this was something she would never display in public. A man may be forced to swallow back his saliva at the mere sight of it.

But even so, the Black Ooze continued its methods without feeling any emotion over it.

Fiana continued to speak, plead, and desire pleasure.

All the Black Ooze had was the knowledge of men's lust.

This woman was the important mother body that would birth its children, it would never eat her. Even if it was the carrier of an enormous mana capacity and knowledge of magic like Fiana.

Therefore, this time it would attempt to seek out what sort of pleasure the woman desired while she was still unconscious.

"Mm, ga..."

Blocked by the mucus, a strained voice came from her throat.

When would the next person come to this abandoned mine?

Until that happened, the women would not be released.

Not Alfira and Fiana, at least.

... As for Frederica and Satia, they would accept this pleasure as long as their minds didn't break.

"Sh-shta—! Shaaaaaa... a-a-aaaave, me—-Fiaaaana-shaaaamaaa!!"

"Nn... mm..."

Fiana's cries for help wouldn't be answered.

This female elf was dangerous. The Black Ooze's intuition told it that, so it made it sleep with magic that a knight was able to use.

She wasn't an opponent it couldn't win against. In truth, even if the Black Ooze had played dirty, it did still defeat Fiana. However, she was still able to kill the Black Ooze. She was that strong.

In that case, all it had to do was kill her.

There were several dozen men's wills within the Black Ooze. Some among

them murmured that.

However, many others denied that sentiment. Fiana was strong. Maybe even one of this kingdom's greatest strengths.

Therefore, it would rape her and have her bear its children.

Surely, with this woman, it could gain some strong monsters. It would have her birth them.

(Part 5)

The mucus-lacquered white vestments forgetting that they should be concealing her ample limbs, her wet robed did properly hide the area it should due to the slime's weight. Even so, her garter belt and white knee socks could be seen peaking out from under the slits on either side of her robe. As those knee socks were transparent due to the liquid, the color of her skin could be seen from underneath them.

A liquid, squishing sound could be heard coming from her genitals, hidden beneath her robe. As it was concealed, it wasn't able to be seen. However, that is exactly what made it so obscene.

It wasn't possible to see exactly what was happening, so it would cause one's imagination to run wild. Restricted into what looked like a crucifixion, the beautiful elf was being f*cked without any technique whatsoever. Moreover, given that she was asleep, she didn't utter a word.

She was completely powerless.

The tentacle that had been thrust into her mouth was pulled out.

"H-aah—-haaah, haah..."

Even so, she wasn't awake. She was simply breathing due to her mouth now being liberated.

The tentacle working on her genitals thrust in vigorously.

"Fuuaah—"

Fiana screamed. Even so, she hadn't yet woken from her slumber. Which means, due to her unconsciousness—that panting gasp was one coming from her deepest emotions.

The elven knight was asleep. At this point in the time, the Black Ooze knew that she was dreaming.

As for what a dream was, however, it had no idea.

Even so, it knew about them from the knowledge it gained.

Dreams were desires. Projections of the current status quo.

In that case, which was this dream Fiana current saw? A desire? Or a projection?

Was it a liberating dream? A desire for pleasure? Or a projection of her truly being raped?

“Ah—ah, ah...”

Her voice leaked out. Gradually growing, it became intense.

Yet even so, Fiana didn’t awaken. The Black Ooze used magic so that that wouldn’t happen.

No matter how much shame she felt, no matter how many times she came, Fiana didn’t wake up. She wasn’t able to.

This was the same as it always had been.

Frederica and Satia.

It was the same as them. The same as with Alfira as well. Be it acceptance, fainting, or sleeping, the slime cared not.

It would give pleasure. It would pleasure the mother bodies... pleasure them to bring them to a more suitable state for its children.

Yes. Even if they were asleep, even if they had fainted, it cared not.

The unconscious Frederica and Satia’s development continued with its caresses as its tentacles driving into their vaginas. Frederica’s intense, Satia’s gentle.

Having just procured Alfira this day, it started out by kneading her hidden nipples, continued peeling back her clitoris’ hood so that it would always stay bare, and kept a ring of mucus around its base. All the while gently caressing her entire body.

“Higuuuh!?”

“Sto—s-stoooooop...!?”

She refused its advances. Yet even so, it wouldn’t stop. Alfira’s voice, thoughts, denials, none of them mattered. The Black Ooze would simply

provide her with pleasure.

“Please, stop... stop, stop...”

Even if she lost her ambitions and her voice grew weak, it would continue to penetrate her vagina and stimulate her clitoris. By doing so, it would teach her formerly virgin hole that sexual intercourse was something to enjoy.

—It didn’t forget her urethra either, of course. A thin tentacle smaller than a finger tip bored into her bladder.

“Ha—unn...”

She let out a passionate sound. But still not satisfied, the Black Ooze continued developing Alfira—her erogenous zones, her pleasures, her thoughts, everything.

So that she couldn’t escape, so that she would beg for it, so that she would understand that the only thing she wanted was this pleasure.

“Huu—uuuu!!”

Suddenly, someone other than Alfira shouted.

Not alarmed, the Black Ooze concentrated its attention towards the source of the sound. It was Fiana.

The woman whose both hands and feet were restrained, the female elf that had been stuck inside a dream had woken up.

“Wh-what!?”

The Black Ooze’s tentacles were blocking her sight and restraining her limbs. Her mana had been deprived from her with each climax, she had not even a trace left.

Surprised by her sudden awakening, she turned her head from side to side. However, as her vision was sealed by the tentacle, she didn’t stop it with her confused voice.

“Fuiiia—Fianaaaaaaaaa-shamaa—”

Alfira cried out. It was her final struggled.

At this time and only this time, she felt as though she might be able to win.

She wouldn't fail, surely. This was her not realizing that she had already been checkmated, that she herself didn't want to realize it.

“Higuh!?”

A tentacle penetrated into Fiana's deepest parts. While she was asleep, Fiana had disclosed her most sensitive areas and weaknesses in her delirium.

She liked her ears being licked gently.

Her neck would feel numb if it was stimulated just enough to make it feel like it was just barely being touched.

She loved it when her armpits were pressed into strongly.

She preferred her breasts to be massaged intensely.

She wasn't able to hold out if her groin was rubbed against something hard, like a shoe.

Let alone her clitoris, her genitals were currently... being obstinately jostled into along with being rubbed with such a force that she seemed like she might hit the ceiling, giving her such a sense of pleasure that she felt numb.

Although her four limbs were restrained for safety, it had still used paralytic poison to disempower her.

While doing that, the Black Ooze drilled into Fiana's vagina once more. This time, it truly did make her touch the ceiling.

“W-what!? W-why am I—iiii!?”

She didn't speak coquettishly, but with astonishment. Moreover, she still shook her head left and right. However, she wasn't able to undo the tentacle blocking her vision with something as simple as that.

“Fiana-shamaaa, run...!”

Alfira let out a voice that sounded like a scream. She'd been gasping so much that her voice sounded **excited**.

“E-eh?”

However, hearing her voice like that, Fiana wasn't able to understand what was happening.

That would obviously be the case. Her limbs were restrained, she couldn't see anything, and there was a tentacle plowing into her vagina. There wasn't a woman alive that could logically react to a situation like that.

Not even this female knight who'd given the Black Ooze a run for its money with her powerful magic could do anything after being forced into her current state.

When the slime took advantage of her confusion and continued forcing its way into her vagina, she let out an interesting-sounding coquettish voice. Her body had been developed and heated during the time she was asleep and easily went into a spasm, forgetting that it should attempt to endure it.

"W-what's—s-stop.... huuu, stop... stop it!"

Her confusion gradually increased as her tone shifted from a self-assured nature to a more denial-oriented one.

This was Fiana's true anxiety.

She couldn't see nor move and the one humiliating her gave no response.

It was obvious, though. The Black Ooze had no mouth to respond with, not would it, as its only intentions were to violate women. The only one who could answer Fiana's here was Fiana, who only responded to her by pleading for her to escape and get help.

As though she'd forgotten how to say anything else, she simply continued telling her to run away, her responses mixed with intense panting and gasping.

She didn't understand anything, she couldn't get anything from her. Rather, it simply increased the level of Fiana's confusion.

"Hu-ah... kuh, what!? Why, is—this—"

She herself didn't understand why she was feeling so much pleasure from it.

No, no way, it was doing this to me the entire time I was asleep?

She couldn't believe it. She couldn't believe that as she was asleep, she was desiring the Black Ooze's loving.

"Nn..."

“Uah—Goshujin-sama...?”

Likely due to Fiana’s loud voice, Frederica and Satia woke back up from their state of unconsciousness.

Their vaginas were penetrated and their bodies were caressed while they were out, but the two of them were accustomed to it. Rather, it was more like they only felt like they’d gotten a proper rest if it did so.

“Aahnnn.”

Into Frederica’s womb spilled a load of semen. Her hips suddenly shaking back and forth—Frederica intentionally put strength into her vagina, tightening herself around the Black Ooze’s tentacle. By doing so, she could wring out every last drop of semen from the tentacle.

It was already a conditioned reflex. She was naught but a beast that desired sex.

Such a Frederica finally noticed Fiana’s existence.

“Oh? If I recall... Fiana?”

“That voice... Frederica-san!?”

“Mm?”

Her voice sounded like she was at wits’ end, so Frederica wound up tilting her head to the side.

Unable to understand why she might sound like that, she looked over to Satia.

“Aaahn, Goshujin-sama, that spot’s—nooooo...!”

As always, she was being stupid.

At that moment, tentacles that had moved over to Frederica wrapped around her. Taking a good hold of her waist and wrapping around her breasts, they also restrained her limbs.

Once she had been lifted up into the air, she looked practically the same as Fiana. Lined up side-by-side to her, all the more so.

“Frederica-san, save me—u-undo these, please!”

“Eh?”

She responded with a sound as though she didn’t understand her meaning at all.

Save her?

... Why?

The moment she thought that, a tentacle moved up against her labia. With that, Frederica’s ability to speak disappeared, replaced by her thoughts stained in pleasure.

Again, she would be raped. Raped until she fainted, then continued beyond that. Until she was broken more than she already was—until she couldn’t return, and would become part of Goshujin-sama.

That much coming at her so suddenly brought her to a climax.

“A-ahn. There—please, Goshujin-sama!”

As though natural, she invited the tentacles into her vagina. Her voice rising, the next to follow in speaking was Fiana, immediately beside her.

“Wh-at? What did you... Frederica-san, what’s happening!?”

She couldn’t see. All she had to gain information was her ears.

So all she could do was imagine it. Inside that darkness, what was happening next to her? What was Frederica doing? She was only able to guess.

And so it lead to the worst thing imaginable. She didn’t want to admit it.

What was being used to restrain her? What was entering her vagina? What was violating Frederica? What was violating her?

She didn’t want to admit it.

“No, le—let me go, let me go—!”

She raged about. She tried to invoke magic so that she could escape, but she noticed that her mana was gone.

Her extreme intent to escape drowned out even her surprise at that fact. She didn’t want to accept this reality. She didn’t want to think about it.

“Alfira, Satia-san!!”

She called out their names. She’d already no longer bothered adding Frederica’s name to the list. After all, she was currently letting out joyous sounds next to her.

“Goshujin-sama, my... apologies... Satia is, already...”

Just then, she heard a name spoken by a voice she knew well with her sharp hearing.

Satia was caressing the tentacles with her body now that her waist had given out. She licked them with her tongue, pushing her tiny chest against them and holding on to them with her supple limbs.

However.

Immediately unable to bear it, she herself guided the tentacles back toward her vagina.

She apologized that she wasn’t able to satisfy it, but her true feelings that she herself wanted to feel good as soon as possible.

It’s unknown whether or not the Black Ooze understood her intention, but nevertheless it drove a tentacle into Satia’s small vagina as requested.

“Uu—ah, ah, ah...”

The tentacle was sized to suit Satia’s body, but she suddenly began to shout once it pierced deep into her vagina. Each time, her vagina was loosened by waves of pleasure.

However, this slave that found delight out of being treated with even the tiniest trace of violence eagerly swung her hips so that she could feel just a bit better. Using her hips like a wretched prostitute, she mimicked the way Frederica normally let herself get violated.

“Nn, nnn. Goshuuuji... shama, d-does it, feel goooooood?”

“W-what... S-Satiaa—Al.... Alfira!?”

She didn’t understand what was happening, nor did she want to.

Her voice filled with fear, she called out for her fellow knight. The proud

female knight had spoken to her when she had awoke.

Yet there was no response.

She was defeated by the pleasure, she eyes back into her head and her tongue out of her mouth, accompanied by much snot and saliva.

She was forced into climaxing, into recognizing her defeat, into realizing she would never get away.

She would be forced to cum until her dying day.

It was the same defeat that had been driven into Frederica and Satia many times over.

This was simply Alfira's first time.

... Alfira knew it. She couldn't run away any more. The only thing that could provide her with this pleasure was the Black Ooze.

"Alfira! Alfiraaaa!!"

The elven knight continued calling out for the unconscious female knight.

"Higu!?"

Her genitals that had been hidden by her robe was pierced. Reaching her womb in an instant, it pushed against its entrance.

As though to tell her to **just shut up**.

"—A-ah..."

She saw nothing. She could only hear coquettish gasps. Her body was restrained and she couldn't escape.

Fear sprouted in her chest.

"... ah..."

On that day, the number of voices echoing within the abandoned mine increased by two.